THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2329. }

☞ Oswald Cray,—Mrs. Wood's New Story,—and Lost Sir Massingberd, a powerfully written serial, are now being published in The Post.

Back numbers of The Post to the first of the year, and of The Lady's Friend from its commencement, can be furnished.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $3; Two copies, $5; Four copies, $8; Eight copies (and one *gratis*), $12; Twenty (and one *gratis*), $28. One copy each of The Lady's Friend and The Post, $3.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) twenty cents.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) to *those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

THE HERMIT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

Who thinks of the hemlocks in the dell,
Down in the dell where no winds can creep?
Yet o'er me they ever weave a spell,
And wrap me away in a magic sleep!

Out in the world with a soul all full
Of thought, I followed Ambition's call,
But one day I walked in the forest cool,
Breathed the hemlocks and lost it all!

But the trees forgot me at last, and then
I sprang with a giant's heart and strength,
Out once more to the haunts of men,
And learned the meaning of Love at length!

Oh she was beautiful, lily-sweet,
And her heart was as deep as a lily's too;
She had eyes such as warm hearts long to meet,
And they smiled on mine which my love shone through.

She was false, and my life grew sere,
I wandered heart-broken in forests deep,
When my wonderful hemlocks waving near
Reached out their arms and I fell asleep.

I will not leave my trees again,
My trees where the sunshine trickles through;
They are better friends than women and men,
Cold and dark,—silent and true!

Their spicy scent like an odorous balm
Glides down to me on the languid breeze;
Sleeping or waking, I lie as calm
As the violet growing beneath my trees.

☞ Nature, when she makes a beautiful head, is often so absorbed with admiration of her own work that she forgets the brains.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXIII.

MORE INSTILLED DOUBT.

The air was keen and frosty, and the flags of the streets were white and clean, as Oswald Cray walked along with Jane Allister in the obscurity of the November night. So clear was the atmosphere, that the young lady, who had heard fables of the fogs of London, expressed her surprise and gratification.

"Frank, in writing to me, has sometimes compared it to a thin cloud of pea-soup," she said. "I did not think it would be bright like this. And this November."

"You should have seen it a week ago," answered Oswald Cray. "It was not a thin cloud of pea-soup, but pea-soup itself. We do not often get this clear weather in November. Were you ever in London before?"

"No, never. What a large place it is! and how the streets are crowded! At the corners of the streets I was quite jostled as I came along."

"That jostling is sometimes premeditated, Miss Allister. I hope you did not get your pockets picked."

"I had not much to lose," she quaintly answered. "But nobody attempted to touch me. I do not think this is the road I came."

"You came out of your way, no doubt."

"Yes, I was sure I did: it was very far."

"It is not very near, this way. There goes a Brompton omnibus. Had you not better get in?"

She shook her head in a decisive manner. "I'll not spend money where I can save it, and I have been used to walking all my life. I see: you would be paying for me, but I'd not let that be done. Frank has already cost you too much. You'll let me walk, please."

She was in real earnest, and he said no more. He could not but admire this straightforward Scotch girl, with her open speech, and her plain good sense. She was so young in appearance as to look like a girl, though she had herself reminded him that she was older than Frank. This, as he knew, must bring her to about two-and-thirty: and in steadiness of manner and solid independence she was two-and-forty.

Reared in her Highland home, in every comfort, for the earlier years of her life, she had since had to buffet with the world. Her mother, a widow since Frank was two years old, had enjoyed a good income, but it died with her. The uncle in London took Frank, who was then a youth; and Jane had to seek a situation. It was not easy to find. For a governess she was not qualified, so many of what are called accomplishments are essential now-a-days, and Jane Allister had not learnt them. She had received a good education, but a strictly plain one.

Waiting and waiting! No situation offered itself; and when she heard of Mrs. Graham's she was well-nigh wearied out with the worst of all weariness—that of long-continued disappointment, of hope deferred. But for that weariness she might not have accepted a place where she was to be personal attendant as well as companion. She took it, determined to do her duty in it, to make the very best of it; and when her brother Frank wrote to her in a commotion from his distant home in London, where he was then with Bracknell and Street, she began by making the very best of it to him, gaily and lightly. Frank had the letter yet, in which she had jokingly called him—as she had just related to Mr. Oswald Cray—a proud boy, and recommended him to "bring down" his notions. Frank Allister had never been reconciled to it yet. In his conversation of his sister with Oswald Cray he had called his sister always "companion," not "maid." As for Jane, she had grown reconciled, grown to like it; and she had remained there all these years, conscientiously doing her duty.

"Have you lost a friend lately?" she inquired, in allusion to the crape band on Oswald's hat.

"Yes," he briefly answered, wincing at the question, could Jane Allister have seen it. All that past time, Lady Oswald's death and the events attending it, caused an inward shiver whenever they were brought to his mind.

"It is a grievous thing to lose relatives, if if they are dear, to us," remarked Jane. "There is an expression in your countenance at times, I noticed, that told me you had some source of sorrow.

Whatever the expression she had noticed on his countenance, she would have seen a very marked one now, had they been, as before, face to face near a table-lamp. The old haughty pride came into it, and his brow flushed blood red. Oswald Cray was one of the very last to tolerate that his secret feelings should be observed or commented upon. As she spoke, it seemed to him as if the pain at his heart was read, his hopeless love for Sara Davenal laid bare.

"You are drawing a wrong inference, Miss Allister," he coldly said. "The friend I lost was neither near nor very dear to me. She was an old lady; a connection of my mother's family; Lady Oswald."

Jane marked the changed tone. She concluded the loss *was* one of pain to him, though he did not choose to say so, and she gathered her deductions that he was a man of great reticence of feeling. That he was a brave man and a good man, one in every way worthy of trust, of esteem, she knew from Frank long ago.

"Why, Neal! Is it you?"

Mr. Oswald Cray came to an abrupt halt in his surprise. Turning out of the door of a house that they were passing, so quickly as nearly to brush against him, was Dr. Davenal's man-servant. Neal did not appear in the least taken to. He touched his hat and stood still with just the same equanimity that he would have done had he been waiting there for the passing of Mr. Oswald Cray.

"What brings you in London, Neal? You have surely not left Dr. Davenal?"

"Oh, no, sir, I have not left him. A brother of mine, sir, has returned to England after an absence from it of many years, and a little property of ours that couldn't be touched while he was away, is now being divided. I spoke to Dr. Davenal and he gave me leave to come."

"Have you been up long?"

"Only three days, sir."

"Are they all well at Hallingham?"

"Quite well, sir. Mr. Cray hurt his arm as he was getting out of the doctor's carriage, and it was bound up for a week. But it is better."

"How did he manage that?"

"I don't think he knew, sir. His foot slipped as he was stepping out, and he swung round in some way, keeping hold of the carriage with his hand bent behind. It was rather a bad sprain."

"Miss Davenal is quite well?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Sara has had a cold lately, and was looking ill, but I think it is leaving her. The captain went abroad, sir, without coming to Hallingham, and they all felt it much."

Oswald bade the man good-night and walked on. He did not care, in his fastidious sensitiveness, to hear the looks of Sara Davenal commented on. If she did look ill, was it for his, Oswald's, sake?—or was she haunted with that unhappy secret which Neal had once so darkly hinted at?

Neal stood within the shade of the house looking after Mr. Oswald Cray. Or rather after the young lady leaning on his arm. Neal was very curious as to this young lady, for young she looked in Neal's eyes. While apparently his whole attention was absorbed by his conversation with Mr. Oswald Cray, he had been studying the face turned to him; a fair and sensible face, as Mr. Neal could read, though less good-looking than Miss Sara Davenal's. What with Neal's legitimate observation and his illegitimate ferreting habits, he had contrived to arrive at a very ingenious conjecture of the tacit relations which had existed between Mr. Oswald Cray and Dr. Davenal's daughter; and Neal had of late been entertaining a rather shrewd guess that Mr. Oswald Cray intended those relations to cease. He judged by the fact that the gentleman had never once since Lady Oswald's funeral been inside the doctor's doors. A formal call and a left card during one of his visits to Hallingham, had comprised all the notice taken. Tolerably safe appearances, from which Neal drew his conclusions; and it perhaps may be pardoned a man of Neal's conclusion-drawing mind, that he asked himself whether this young lady had superseded Miss Sara.

"It looks uncommonly like it," he repeated to himself, as his gaze followed them in the distance. "I should like to be certain, and to know who she is. She looks like a lady—and he'd not take up with any body in that way who was not one. Suppose I just see where they go? I have nothing particular on my hands this evening."

Gingerly treading the streets, as one who knows he is bent upon some surreptitious expedition is apt to tread them, Neal stepped along, keeping Mr. Oswald Cray and his companion in view. After a sufficiently long walk, they entered a house on the confines of Chelsea, bordering upon Brompton; the middle house of a row of moderate-sized dwellings, with small gardens before the doors. Neal saw Mr. Oswald Cray knock, and a young servant-maid admitted them.

But this left Neal as wise as before. He could see the house, could read the name of Terrace, "Bangalore Terrace," in large black letters at either end; but this did not tell the name of the lady, or who she was; and Bangalore Terrace, though sufficiently respectable, was certainly not the class of terrace to which it might be expected Mr. Oswald Cray would go for a wife.

Neal might have remained in his ignorance until now, but for a fortunate accident. He was taking a last look at the

house ere he turned away, at the light which shone behind the blinds of the first-floor-windows, when the same servant who had opened the door, came running out, her bonnet just perched on her head, its strings flying, and a jug and latch-key in her hand. As she passed Neal, the unsecured bonnet flew off. Neal gallantly picked it up.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir," she said, civilly. "Nasty tilting things these new-fangled bonnets be! One doesn't know whether to fix 'em a-top of the back hair or under it."

"Can you tell me where a Miss —— Miss —— It is very unfortunate," broke off Neal in a tone of vexation. "I am in search of a young lady on a little matter of business, and I have forgotten her number. I think she lives at number five, but I am not sure."

"Number five's our house," said the girl, falling readily into the trap. "There ain't no young lady living there. There's three young ladies at number six, sir; perhaps it's one o' them."

"No young lady living at number five?" repeated Neal.

"No, there isn't. There's only my missis and me and two sons and the gentleman what's ill on the first-floor. But perhaps you mean the sick gentleman's sister?" she added, the thought striking her. "She came to our house to-day, all the way from Scotland, and she's going to stop with him."

Neal hardly thought this could apply. The young lady did not look as though she had just come off a long journey.

"I don't know," said he. "What is her name?"

"Her name's the same as her brother's—Allister. If you'd been here two minutes sooner, sir, you might have seen her, for she's just come in with Mr. Oswald Cray. He's a gentleman who comes to see Mr. Allister."

"Allister! The name was conclusive without the other testimony. Neal had once heard Mr. Oswald Cray describe his friend Allister's symptoms to Dr. Davenal. This fair girl with the pleasant face was Miss Allister, then!"

"Ah, it's not the same," said he cautiously. "I must come down by daylight and look out. Good-night, young woman; I am sorry to have detained you," he added, as he walked away.

"Miss Allister?" repeated Neal to himself. "And so the brother's not dead yet! Why I remember Mr. Oswald Cray saying he could not live a week—and that's three months ago."

Frank Allister was sitting between the fire and the table, reading by the light of the lamp, when they entered. He was slight and short; with a fair skin like his sister's, and a long, thin neck. The room was very small, as the drawing-rooms (as they are called) in these unpretending suburban houses mostly are. What with the smallness of the room and the heavy closeness of the Brompton air, Jane Allister had felt stifled since she arrived that day. Frank, without rising from his seat, turned round and held his thin white fingers towards Oswald Cray, who grasped them.

"Jane, where have you been? I thought you only went out for a few minute's walk."

"I thought I would go as far as Mr. Oswald Cray's, Frank, and thank him for his attention to you," was her answer. "He has been so kind as to walk back with me."

"But how did you find your way?" cried Frank, wonderingly.

"I inquired. But I suppose I was stupid at understanding, for I went out of my way. What a busy place London is! I should get bewildered if I lived in it long."

Oswald Cray laughed.

"It would be just the contrary, Miss Allister. The longer you lived in it the less bewildered you would be."

"Ah, yes," she answered; "use reconciles us to most things."

She had laid her bonnet and black shawl on a chair and was going noiselessly from one part of the room to another, putting in order things that Frank had disturbed since her departure. He had wanted a particular book, and to get it had displaced two whole shelves of the cheffonier. The coal-box stood in the middle of the room, and a fancy china inkstand, the centre ornament of the cheffonier, lay on a chair. But the room, in its present general neatness and order, looked different from anything Oswald had ever seen it. Sometimes there had not been, as the saying runs, a place to sit upon. Frank ill, and perhaps careless, had paid little heed to how his room went, and his landlady and his landlady's maid had not much bestirred themselves in the matter. When Jane arrived, she had taken in all the discomfort at the first glace, and did not sit down until it was remedied. Frank's bed-chamber was at the back, opening from it, and there was a small room, a closet in fact, at the head of the stairs, which was to be Jane's.

Oswald followed her with his eyes, as she moved about in her simple usefulness. Perhaps he wished that he had such a sister to make his home a prettier place than it was made by Mrs. Benn. She was very small in figure, and the folds of her soft black dress scarcely added to its fullness. Her light hair was carried rather low on the cheeks, and twisted into a coil on her neck behind. Without her out-door things she looked, if anything, younger than she did in them.

"And so you went to Mr. Oswald Cray's inquiring your way?" cried Frank. "I say, young lady, that's not the fashion of doing things in London."

"Maybe not," answered Jane. "I daresay I and London will not agree in our notions of fashion. Have you taken your milk, Frank?"

"I should think so. It was smoked again."

"Smoked?" cried Jane, turning round and looking at him.

"It generally is smoked," continued Frank. "I think their saucepans downstairs must be constructed on the plan of letting the smoke in."

Jane said no more. She inwardly resolved that neither Frank's milk nor any thing else that he took should be smoked in future.

"Why don't you sit down, Oswald. Are you afraid of Jane?"

"Not very much," Oswald answered, looking round at her with a smile. "The fact is, Frank, I have some work to do at home to-night, and must get back."

"Plans to go over?"

"That and other things."

"I shall soon be well enough to come out again and go to work," resumed Frank Allister; and his confident tone proved how firm was his belief in his own words. "Will Blacknell and Street take me on again?"

"I think you will soon be out if you go on improving at this rate," answered Oswald, ignoring the last portion of Frank's words. "You look better this evening than you have looked yet."

"Oh, I am all right. But of course I look better now Jane's here. Nearly the first thing she did was to part and brush my hair, and make me put on a clean collar. Only fancy her coming upon me to-day without warning! When the girl came up to say there was a lady at the door in a cab for Mr. Allister, I thought of anybody rather than Jane." (TO BE CONTINUED)

THE WHITE JESSAMINE.

Hast thou felt, on calm, still evening, o'er the beds of flowers, and grass,
Or through half-set open windows, faint delicious fragrance pass?
Though the rose be gayly blushing, scenting languid airs of June,
Feasting thousand bees and sphinxes, all a happy afternoon,
This perfume is not from roses,—not from mignonette,—nor where
Heliotropes and clove-carnations charm the myrtle-shadowed air;—
The white jessamine is blooming;—many a blossom pale relieves
Yon broad mass of thick-grown foliage, that the bounteous season weaves;
The white jessamine,—that richer, fainter than Syringa's powers,
Blooms about each painted lilac, and bell-drooping fuschia's flowers;
She that clustering climbs about the trellises and wall, while trees
Bend their hundred thousand leaflets in the faintly-scented breeze.

☞ A "Genuine" Raphael, "The Death of St. Joseph," was lately exhibited in London, and the streets were placarded with the announcement that the King of Prussia had bought it for £40,000. The other day it was sold by auction, in Paris, for 1,240 francs.

☞ Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily inhale from it something either healthful or infectious.

☞ Gen. James Watson Webb, U. S. Minister to Brazil, an old friend of Louis Napoleon in the days of his exile, has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of France, in which he expresses himself despondingly concerning the Mexican Empire.

☞ The car which conveyed General Grant and party from Philadelphia to Baltimore was a new one, divided into four compartments—a sitting-room, with walnut furniture and French mirrors; a secretary or attendant's room, with writing-desks, &c; a bed-room, with four tastefully furnished berths, and a pantry department. The car is finished on the inside with walnut and silver mountings. The outside is painted red, lined with gold. The platforms are entirely enclosed with railing, a security against accident. The car is furnished with a patent apparatus, by which all the rooms are supplied with gas.

☞ A woman has been carrying on a curious confidence game in Milwaukee, Green Bay, &c., Wis. She dressed in male attire, married young ladies, and ran away with their money.

☞ Five Massachusetts men, six feet high, were lately presented by Messrs. Alley and Gooch, who are not remarkable for their height, to the President, who, after inquiring whether they were all from that state, and being assured that they were, said "Why it seems to me that Massachusetts always sends her *little* men to Congress."

☞ The following letter was received by a gentleman of Poughkeepsie through the Sanitary Fair post-office in that place: "Sanitahara P. Offis.—Dear Sur:—Enklosed plese find Ten dollars—if you kan. Very respektably yures, JOSH BILLINGS." The $10 had not been found at last accounts.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the LADY'S FRIEND as well as to the POST.

PHRENOLOGY.

In connection with our recent remarks on the subject of Phrenology, the attention of our readers is called to the following statement:—

Through the instrumentality of Dr. MacGowan, casts have been taken of the heads of three of the Minnesota and Dacotah chiefs, now in Washington. There was some hesitancy when it came to the point, but their fears were removed by witnessing the operation upon one of their half-breed interpreters. Que-wish-an-se-ish, which, being interpreted, we are sorry to say, means "Bad Boy," was the first to submit to the process. The cast is excellent, he having very striking features. Dr. MacGowan, on measuring "Bad Boy's" head, found that in every direction it was one inch larger than any in Mr. Mills's collection—the one next largest to this Indian head being that of Secretary Chase.

Thus the head of "Bad Boy"—an Indian chief not very remarkable probably except for his propensity to mischief—was one inch larger "in every direction" than that of Mr. Chase, a man of unusual powers of mind, even for the white race. But Mr. Chase's brain may be, and probably is much finer and denser in its texture than the Indian's. But there are no means, short of such as would probably be unpleasant at present to both gentlemen, of determining with any degree of certainty the relative qualities and weight of their brains. And although we might reasonably ask "Bad Boy" to allow his head to be laid open and his brain taken out for the benefit of science—"Bad Boy's" existence being rather injurious than otherwise to society—the country could scarcely afford to part with Mr. Chase in this critical position of its financial affairs. But inasmuch as no means exist of ascertaining during life with any degree of certainty the texture and quality of the brain, phrenology as a practical means of determining with accuracy the amount of mental power is a failure.

THE MORMON IDEA.

According to a late account from Utah, published in the Atlantic Monthly, the Mormon idea of the present war is that it will go on until "the biggest part of the male Gentiles" have killed each other off, and then the rest will move out to Utah, taking all the women and children with them. Heber Kimball says this will make plenty of wives for the men, according to the Mormon proportion, and leave some over for the saints. The writer referred to says that this ridiculous idea actually prevails among the head men of Utah. Even Brigham Young professes to believe it.

THE NEW LOAN.

We call the attention of our readers who wish to make investments, to the advertisement of the new 10-40 five per cent. loan. This loan is not redeemable before ten years, and the interest is payable in gold. At the present rate of gold, it would pay over eight per cent. a year in greenbacks. While, if the war ends, and it comes down to a regular five per cent. investment, the value of the principal will probably steadily increase until it reaches the old rates for U. S. five per cent. loans.

GEORGE THOMPSON.—This gentleman, who has recently done so much in England to enlighten the people to the merits of the Union cause, had a grand reception given to him in the Academy of Music last week. Horace Binney, Jr., occupied the chair—and, in addition to Mr. Thompson, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. W. D. Kelley, Benjamin H. Brewster, and Daniel Dougherty. Of the character of Mr. Thompson's oratory we cannot speak, as owing to sickness we were unable to be present—we are informed, however, that his reputation for eloquence is well deserved.

A CHANGE.—We see it stated that the Rev. H. W. Beecher has resigned the editorial chair of the N. Y. "Independent," which, we believe, he has only informally filled for some time past, and that Mr. Theodore Tilton is to be henceforth editor-in-chief of "The Independent." Mr. Tilton is a gentleman of distinguished and varied talent—oratorical, editorial and poetic—and we wish him abundant success in his new and responsible position.

CHURCH ESSAYS. By GEORGE CUMMING MCWHORTER, author of a Popular Handbook of the New Testament. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNIVERSAL PROGRESS; A Series of Discussions. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Education," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Our readers will remember a number of articles on the subject of education, extracted from Mr. Spencer's work, published in THE POST several years ago.—Those who read those articles will hardly need to be told that Mr. Spencer is a writer who always has something worth saying, and, what is equally good, knows how to say it in a clear, brief and forcible manner. The present work contains thirteen essays on "Progress," "Manners and Fashion," "The Nebular Hypothesis," &c., and is well worth the reading. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG. With Letters of Trial and Travel. By a Lady. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The title of this book describes its character; it is an interesting account by a Southern lady of her cave-life in Vicksburg during the last siege by Grant. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE RED TRACK. By GUSTAVE AIMARD, author of "The Prairie Flower," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HINTS TO RIFLEMEN. By H. W. S. CLEVELAND. The writer offers these hints as the contributions of an old sportsman, which embody the results of his practical experience. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

HEADACHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. G.

The most convenient things in the world! Why what do you think we women would do without them? They are a cover for many aches—temper aches, jealousy aches, and a thousand other aches, not to speak of heart aches. Ah, well! they cover up a good many of those, too. Then one can look so interesting if one chooses to be seen—languidly reclining, a delicate handkerchief in one hand, a bottle of cologne in the other; and if an attentive and sympathizing creature bends over one with a fan in his hand, it becomes really quite delightful. To be sure, if one has an out and out headache, one can't enjoy such things while it lasts—in those cases one goes into remedies as a serious business, and has something else to attend to besides nonsense.

Now what other ache would answer the purpose as a headache does? Tooth-ache? Horrid! Visions of dentists with all their dreadful accompaniments would straightway arise in the mind, one couldn't be interesting under those circumstances. Ear ache? Pshaw! everybody would at once think of roasted onions, oil dropped on cotton plugs, and a dozen other like remedies. No, there is nothing to compare to a headache when one wishes to retire from conversation—to be interesting—to sulk—to get out of a disagreeable engagement—to snub somebody—or in fact any of the thousand and one things that women must have an excuse for doing. *Why must they have an excuse?* Because it would be a pretty piece of business if they tried to do any of those things without one. Oh, bother! don't talk to me about whole-souled women that are above such things. I am talking about half-souled women that are on a level with such things.

You think you will be suspicious now of any woman that says she has a headache? Well, you had better be. That is if she make it an excuse for not doing—or doing—something you expected her to do—or didn't expect. Take my word for it, it needs a woman to see into the causes of a woman's actions—and to tell you the truth, even a woman fails sometimes; we often mystify each other. Oh, yes! I know! There are some women whose motives and actions are transparent—but I told you before that I was speaking of a different kind. And you must confess that as a general thing your whole-souled women, and your transparent ones, don't fascinate, and bewilder, and altogether subjugate men as the other ones do. Not but that I'll acknowledge that one true-hearted, high-principled creature is worth fifty of the kind that I am talking of; and that those who do love her, continue to love her—for, to speak fairly, many a woman will turn men topsy turvy and make complete slaves of them *for a time;* but when that time is over, there's an end of her reign, and then her former devoted ones take off their hats, make a polite bow and walk off. Rather mortifying, but it has to be endured.

Do you suppose Miss Nell had a headache when she told poor fat Mr. Blandly, who had invited her to ride with his sister and himself, that she couldn't go on account of her poor head almost splitting? *He* believed her, poor fellow! and rode off with a doleful face—but *I* didn't, because Captain Winton came in a moment after, and although Nelly was decently languid when I went out, (I was going to look at a gem of a bonnet that was a far handsomer sight than the Captain,) when I came back at the end of three hours, I found the hero still there, and Miss Nelly with a brilliant color, looking charming, and in fine spirits.

"Is your head better, dear?" I asked, sympathizingly.

"Yes, thank you," she replied, looking at me in the most innocent way!

She had no more of a headache than I had, though I had had an envy ache when I saw a woman that looked like an ex-cook become the possessor of that bonnet.

THE GENTLEWOMAN.

FROM AN ENGLISH PERIODICAL.

The real and substantial relief for distressed ladies, is not to depend upon charity, because charity cannot be substantially extended to every eleven women out of every twelve—"the preserves of paupers and the sanctuaries of sloth" are already too full. Let poor ladies adopt that which gentlewomen learned when in their girlhood; let them study the manipulation of food—it is their duty; it is not difficult to a woman that can read and has a turn for industry. Moreover, let poor ladies turn their minds to that which Miss Nightingale did—and they will come in for all those praises which Lord Brougham so eloquently bestowed on the Sisters of Charity—and they will no longer have occasion to talk of the want of employment; let them reconcile their minds to work, for work they must and not think work beneath them; let them read Burke on the vicissitudes of families; and let those poor ladies who have depended on a pretty face and personal appearance to gain a husband, learn "that few men can support women merely for ornament, and soon they tire of their toys." Let them acquire the knowledge which is so befitting a female—so simple, so easy—and which would place them above genteel penury, and they may firmly rely that they will be treated with all the respect, all the kindness, and all the consideration that is at all times yielded to useful industry, and there would end the misfortunes of poor ladies and the great social evil. Lastly, let all ladies without education, or with a bad education, abandon the idea that they are fitted for "anything not *menial*," or "anything *genteel*," and not forget that twenty millions sterling is annually wasted in food by the people that require "anything not *menial*"—"anything genteel."

In the present day girls in every rank of life seem to think every kind of work shameful. Fifty years ago young gentlewomen looked after their own wardrobes; and when the fire required coals they did not ring for the servant to put them on. Now young ladies, with only yellow faces for their fortunes, cannot do that which the young gentlewomen did. Now they want somebody even to put on their stockings; and if their parents should by chance keep a carriage, *although if, looking to all things, they ought not to do so*, yet the silly creatures look for husbands as well placed as their parents, and assume that they are to start where the parents leave off; the poor things think of carriages and servants, and the usual indications of wealth, which turns out a dream never to be achieved.

It is a fact that, from the most ancient times, the duty of the superintendence of cooking has never been lost sight of by the highest orders all over the Continent, any more than it has been by our own nobility, among whom, in the present day, may be named the Duchess of Marlborough, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Countess of Stratford de Redcliffe; so that the excuse of the ten millions of English ladies, "that it is a degrading occupation," fails.

But what will these ten millions of females say when they learn that Queen Victoria, the highest gentlewoman in the land, did, down to the lamented death of the Prince, pay daily visits of inspection of her kitchen, pantry, confectionery, still room, and was proud of, and did herself show those rooms to her visitors when staying at the Castle; and, carrying out the recognized principle of female duty, model kitchens were constructed at Windsor and Osborne, where all the princesses, from the eldest downwards, have passed a portion of each day in acquiring a knowledge of the various duties of domestic economy in the management of a household. In their model kitchen the princesses have daily practised the art of cookery, and also confectionery, in all its various branches. There is a small store-room adjoining each kitchen, where each princess in turn gives out the stores, weighing or measuring each article, and making an entry thereof in a book kept for the purpose; besides which, the princesses make bread; and that is not all—they have a dairy where they churn butter and make cheese.

Refinement belongs only to those whose tastes accord with perfection, and it is beyond all question that the characteristics of those that feed upon half-dressed or spoiled food are barbarous in mind and barbarous in complexion, which is the cause of so many jaundiced complaints that quacks undertake to cure, but which end in weakness, exhaustion, and early death.

It is a lamentable fact, that in England upwards of twenty millions of English money is annually wasted—yes, actually wasted—in the destruction of human food among a class of people that can ill afford such a waste.

So much for the principles. In the practical way of applying a remedy, there will be much difference of opinion. Our author's hobby is a model kitchen, an American stove, the use of gas, by which rashers of bacon or fine-herb omelettes, or a rechauffee of any little delicacy remaining of the preceding day's dinner, can be cooked on the sideboard; and the use of porcelain utensils, by which cleanliness, comfort, and perfection of cookery, are ensured. The dishes, too, are cheap and elegant in shape. "Fancy," says our gastronomic enthusiast, "slices of salmon brought from the stove, looking what an artist would paint rather than a piece of cookery; a dish of quails in their garb of lard and vine-leaves, at the very moment they are ready, without the trouble of re-dishing and disturbing their beauty!"

What better can occupy the attention of the young gentlewomen—what is more interesting than the study of the art and practice of this elegant employment? We have already seen that our princesses have adopted it, and we need only to read "Francatelli's Royal Confectioner," a book more amusing than the Arabian Nights. What can be more interesting than the preservation of fruits in sugar, or in spirits; the preparations of all kinds of syrups; English, foreign and national fancy beverages, ices, candies, plain and fancy bread-baking, ornamental confectionery, the dishing up of fruits, and the general economy and arrangement of desserts? Surely it is preferable to thus amuse and occupy the mind than poring over the nonsense in "Le Follet."

☞ In striking contrast with the brutal treatment bestowed by the rebels upon our dead, and the sneering remark of the Richmond Enquirer that "Yankee bodies are hardly fit to manure Virginia lands," is the proposition of the Gettysburg people to remove the rebel dead, buried on the field of battle, to some place selected, where their remains will lie undisturbed and secure from the farmer's ploughshare. It is but another proof of the softening influences of refined civilization on the human heart, and its readiness under Christian principles to return good for evil.

☞ A Portland, Me., paper tells us that on some question of a local interest, under discussion in the Legislature of that state, one day last week, Mr. Barker made a furious onslaught on the ignorance of the benighted people of York county, as he discovered it, on a political tour which he made amongst them, last fall. He said that among other things he discovered the people of York county had abandoned all belief in the *existence of the Devil*, and he mingled his mock and satirical lamentations with the announcement of this regretful discovery about the people in that part of the state. On his taking his seat, Mr. Goodwin, a member from a town in that county, rose and said that the experience of the gentleman, last fall, might have been true, but that since the visit of that gentleman to York, the people there, to a man, had recovered their convictions, and had now not the least doubt that there was a devil about!

☞ ARTIFICIAL RAINBOW.—M. J. Duboscq has contrived for the French theatre a method of imitating the rainbow, of which Cosmos speaks very highly. He employs an electric light, obtained with the aid of 100 Bunsen elements. The first lenses of his optical apparatus render the rays from this source parallel, and transmit them through a rainbow-shaped hole in a screen to a double convex lens of very short focus, from which they pass to a prism, and emerge with sufficient divergence to make an effective rainbow on a screen about six yards off. This rainbow is said to be brilliant even when the whole scene is lit up.—*Court Journal.*

☞ Laborers have become so scarce in the Western states that the farmers have sent a man named Armstrong, a Scotchman by birth, to his native country to procure a number of laboring men. He will also procure female help for such as may desire it. He will bring none but good help, such as have been trained in the families of the upper and middle classes. He will engage them for one year at $1,25 per week, one-half to be retained to pay their passage. Mr. Armstrong thinks the passage from Glasgow will cost $28,50, which must be advanced on their arrival.

☞ A reporter of the Poughkeepsie Sanitary Fair tells this story:—"Passing through one of the halls, a placard caught my eye: 'Representation of a bona fide Historical Event; persons taken in for ten cents.' I sailed in. A young lady pulled a bone across a huge piece of ham rind, which she was pleased to inform me represented Bonaparte crossing the Rhine."

☞ THACKERAY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A deputation, headed by Mr. Charles Dickens, is to wait on the Dean of Westminster, relative to a statue or bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.—*Court Journal.*

☞ "Hang it!" exclaimed a famous painter, who was engaged on a picture of King Lear—I cannot impart the wild expression of insanity to the face." "Why don't you touch it up with a little madder?" asked a facetious friend at his elbow.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL

At Moscow, and its 25,000 Children.

I was a slave to Herr Schnaps, my German valet-de-place. He led me where I did not wish to go, he refused to take me where I did wish to go, he hurried me about, he left me in the cold while he took hot tumblers of tea with merchants in the bazaar, he despised me, he compelled me to buy ridiculous things, he dragged me to take cabbage soup at untimely hours, he teased me, chafed me, vexed me, fretted me, enraged me; and for doing all this he actually only charged me two roubles (six shillings) a day, his day being about four hours long.

Now, being the bound serf of Herr Schnaps, that little podgy, slovenly, red-nosed, puffy-faced native of Riga, how could I disobey, when he said to me one morning, in his authoritative way:

"This morgen, Mein Herr, the Vospitatelnoi Dom. Be ready at ten, we must see the children go, to chapel. Every foreign sir come to Moscow, go to see children at chapel."

Now, to tell the truth, if my real inclinations had been the least consulted, I should have preferred, as it was Sunday morning, and I was tired with sight-seeing, gone to our sober English service; and then, after lunch, driving over to the Sparrow Hills, those wooded river banks whence Napoleon and his army obtained their first view of Moscow. I should like to have sat there, on my favorite spot among the silvery birch-trees, and have fancied I saw the crowding bayonets, and the little grave man with the great white forehead, and the one dark tress of hair falling across it.

But Herr Schnaps was no dreamer, he said "Vospitatelnoi Dom" (the Foundling) and as Herr Schnaps might have sentimental reasons for wishing to see that enormous building and its world of happy children, I was bound to obey; so I called a droschky and went, Herr Schnaps accompanying me as a seedy—and to use an Homeric epithet—not ungrog blossomed retainer.

And now that I was compelled to go, I began to feel glad that my stern task-master had forced me to that exertion, for I had heard much of the Foundling as the most magnificent charity in the world.

From every tower and terrace in Moscow the Greek facade of the Vospitatelnoi strikes the eye; amongst the gilt and azure domes, and the countless bell-towers of the Holy City, it stands out conspicuous as a block of buildings as large as two or three palaces.

A charitable institution that shelters under its wings some twenty-five thousand children, that expends nearly a million pounds sterling annually, and receives some seven thousand bantlings a year, is not seen every day. Everything in Russia is on a gigantic scale, except liberty; and I approached this great experiment of Faith, Hope, and Charity, with a kind of awe.

We approached the building by an avenue of lime trees. The saffron-colored leaves crumpled under our horses' feet as we swept round the garden square, and pulled up at the great stone steps of the pillard entrance.

Herr Schnaps blundered out and helped me to alight, but still in a severe and reproving way. Half-a-dozen servants, headed by a beadle commander-in-chief in scarlet and cocked hat, received us, and relieved me of great-coat, cane, and hat. The chapel bell was already going, and every stroke of the bell seemed to hit me, and urged me to hasten, for Schnaps had described the children's procession as a scene not to be forgotten.

We ascended some steps, led by an official, and after a passage or two, reached an ante-room neatly but plainly furnished, where several people were standing as if on business. There was nothing to look at in the room, so I was glad when a military-looking, bald-faced man came out of an inner room, and was instantly grappled with by Schnaps and several other petitioners.

This was not the governor, but the "Ober-Polizei Meister," or police-director of the gigantic establishment; the dark blue surtout with white facings, those medals on the breast, and that steel-sheathed sword, are the paraphernalia of his office, for he is of course in the army, as all officials in Russia seem to be. He came straight towards me, as if intending to put me under arrest, with Schnaps behind him, telegraphing to me with his hat to bear down on him full sail, as not a moment was to be lost; for, to tell the truth, the Ober police-master had brushed Schnaps aside much as a butcher would flap a persitent fly.

I at once advanced, and in French asked the police master to have the complaisance, as I was an inquiring traveller particularly fond of children, and generally interested in the working of charitable institutions, to allow me to go over the building; and, above all, to first visit the chapel and hear the service.

The police master bowed very low, he had the complaisance, and with some polite remarks begged me to follow him. I did so, and Schnaps slunk after us in a lurching, half-tolerated sort of way, staring hard at everything, and relapsing into the most serf-like subjection to my wishes, though well I knew the subjection was only temporary, and the result of his awe for the Ober-Polizei Meister.

I thought, as I observed that rather worn blue uniform, that old head vibrating, (let it not be thought uncharitable if I suggest with absinthe,) that never-to-be-unsheathed weapon, what is in this man that I should consider him with the respect I might have felt for one of the Old Guard? He is really only a sort of military beadle and punishment inflicter, the bugbear and ogre of twenty-five thousand children. I felt like that eminent phrenologist who, once on visiting Oxford, and debasing himself in his own estimation by too abject civility to the heads of houses, was the next day seen walking down High street beating himself on the top of his skull, and muttering, "Curse my veneration! Drat my veneration!" But the next moment I was disarmed by the terror of the twenty-five thousand stopping in his placid, vibrating way, and chucking five children under the chin a small side room that we entered, to listen to some request of one of the seven hundred wet-nurses. Indeed, terrible as that smooth, pale face might appear to children, I could see nothing in it myself but justice and mercy, alloyed by perhaps a little too much absinthe.

And here I may as well premise, that of all the thousand children, babies, nurses, matrons and governesses I beheld from the time I first ascended the steps of the Vospitatelnoi Dom, to the time Schnaps ordered me away and put me into the carriage,—I never saw a sour, cross, or in any way unhappy face; all was radiant, with content, innocent gayety and quiet cheerfulness; and this fact told me more of how the vast charity was carried on than all the statistics in all the blue-books of the world would have done.

"You have a Foundling Hospital in your country, sir?" said the police-master, turning round to me.

I replied that we had, but that its funds did not amount to more than fifty thousand pounds a year. "Ours is a pariah," I said; "yours is a world."

Has my reader ever had one of those architectural nightmares when he has done nothing all night but ascend spiral stairs, run down corridors, enter room after room, and cross terrace after terrace? Such was my feeling as I followed that mildly severe man, and at last reached the ante-room of the chapel; Schnaps watching us afar off with a servile awe, mingled with the most gaping curiosity.

When you smell roast meat you are near the kitchen; when you smell incense you are near a chapel. Balmy wafts of it—bitter, sweet and aromatic—floated around me. I could hear the deep bass voice of the priest repeating the prayers, and then came the voices as of bands of angels floating over Paradise, with the "Gospodi pomiloie." (Lord have mercy upon us.)

The angels I heard were the foundlings and orphans of Moscow, and the angels on high no doubt were listening to them with pity and love.

We passed on tip-toe along a marble-paved passage, stepping between kneeling matrons, nurses, and friends of the children, I and the police-master, leaving Schnaps in some back room, and we were in the chapel.

It was a noble chapel, with galleries all round it, and fittings as magnificent as they were in pure taste. The pillars and pilasters were of an exquisite rose-colored marble, and the paintings and gilding were prodigal without being ostentatious. The floor of the chapel was paved with chequered stone. The dome rose above us with its pictured saints smiling down upon the children.

As usual in all Greek churches, the main body of the church was walled off from the altar and the sanctuary by an Ikonostas, (or picture wall,) the three doors of which open upon a raised platform, on which the priest stands to perform the greater part of the service.

This Ikonostas is like a vast illuminated missal leaf, covered with tiers of pictured saints, whose dark-brown heads are surrounded by halos of gilt metal and jewelled crowns of gilded silver.

The chapel was crowded with children, many thousands, and of all ages. Those children in pale yellow gowns in the galleries, the rather plain, peasant-like children, were training for "sages femmes." The small children in green that crowded the side aisles in row after row, such simple, innocent devoutness on every face, would probably become servants, the more intelligent of them nursery governesses, or shop-women.

The elder classes stood in a long row, facing the altar. They were dark-blue gowns, of a modest and simple pattern, and of reasonable dimensions, and had their eyes, fixed intently on the priest, who, robed in cloth of gold and crimson, could be seen behind the pierced metal doors of the screen, through a thin, blue vapor of incense, moving to and fro before the altar, his long, light hair flowing down apostolically upon his shoulders.

The Roman Catholic service, picturesque as it is in its ceremonies, is far less effective than the Greek. The latter is far graver and more Oriental; there is less tinkling of bells, less blowing in and out of candles; there are no tedious moments in the Greek ritual, it flows on from beginning to end in one solemn gorgeous progress.

The sublimest moment of the Greek service approached; the gilt doors of the Ikonostas flew open, the priest sailed forth in his costly and glistening robes. Every motion of the body is studied by the ministrant of the Greek church, there is a flowing motion about the bows, and genuflexions, and crossings, that only a Russian can thoroughly imitate.

The priest bent a dozen times, as many times his swift and practised fingers marked the cross four times on brow and breast. At the sight of that august presence the thousands of children crossed themselves too, and thousands of little fingers made the holy sign upon spotless brows, and over pure hearts, with all the innocent reliance and undoubting faith of childhood. Another movement of the priest, as he moved up and down in ceaseless inflexions, and every little forehead touched the ground simultaneously, in that Mohammedan manner peculiar to the Greek church.

I glanced along the rows of pleasant faces, and made some remark, implying pity, to the police-master, which he resented.

"No," he said, "they are poor, but they are still noble. All these girls you see, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years old, in the front rows, are all orphans, children of noble parents. Do you not observe a certain dignity about them? They are educated, as becomes the children of noble parents."

It is so common for one in England to consider that poverty cancels all claims to education, that I had forgotten I was addressing a Russian who looked on poverty from another point of view, and not necessarily as a punishable crime. I felt rather ashamed of myself, and to hide it, asked how many teachers they employed in the Vospitatelnoi. He replied more than five hundred, which covered my retreat.

The Russians, as a race, are not good-looking. The women, especially the lower classes, have bad figures and broad coarse faces, with complexions pallid and pasty from six months' stove heat, coarse indigestible food, and the too frequent use of the weakening vapor-bath. The boys generally look pale and delicate. I looked, therefore, down these long ranks of children, especially among the older ones, and observed the character of face, culling the beautiful, the expressive, and the characteristic.

I cannot in honor say that I was quite as well repaid for my investigation as I hoped to have been. The faces were generally chubby, round, healthy, and even rosy; the eyes shone with happiness, but the features were neither good nor regular, and of a commonplace type.

But here and there, especially among the daughters of the nobles, my eye fell on a beautiful face, that lay like a violet among dead leaves. Third in the first rank there was, *par exemple*, a face with all the mild beauty of one of Raphael's virgins, a face a perfect oval in contour, with features precious in refinement, and eyes of the most calm purity. Rapt in her devotions, this little orphan girl, the foster child of the Vospitatelnoi Dom, seemed the very picture of Goethe's *Maryaret*, as the poet sketches her praying in the cathedral.

But now a sudden thaw and dissolution seemed operating on the assembly, beginning at the corners of the chapel and gradually extending to the centre. The children were dispersing, the service was over. They were obeying some secret and traditional command, and retiring by divisions, battalions, and subdivisions of classes. With the mechanical regularity of soldiers, each rank right about faced, and glided off with an order and docility common to Russian children. There seemed no disposition to laugh or scuffle, or tread on each other's toes; but, on the contrary, a calmness, which was not, I am sure, assumed, but purely natural.

As the yellow, then the green, next the blue, then my first class and the little Raphael face, one by one turned and filed off, the Ober police-master, who, all the time of the service, between his bows and responses, had thrown me occasional statistics to stop my appetite till I went to the governor, now took my arm, and, leading me back to the central bureau near the great hall, introduced me as if I was his bosom friend to that potentate.

The governor was a little, portly, bland, bald man, in official dress-coat and gilt buttons, with the air of a thriving banker, and a habit of rubbing his hands together, as if every fresh infant registered on the books was a positive gain to him. He had China-blue eyes, a smooth, frosty, red face, a kindly smile, and a slight lisp.

The governor, ruffling out some papers as if they were bank notes, instantly rose with the air of Virgil about to conduct Dante through the Inferno. He was one of those men whom nothing can ruffle; vexations evidently fell from him as rain does from a duck's back.

We went first to the suckling wards—large, well lit, handsome rooms—with forty or fifty beds in a room, and little rocking cradles, with gauze coverings, fit for little emperors. It is not unusual to have seven hundred babies and as many wet-nurses in the house at one time.

The moment we entered, the matrons of each room, well-dressed, pleasant looking women, met us at the door and curtseyed; at the same moment every nurse stood at the end of her bed and shouldered her baby. The Russian nurses have no very good character. They are said to be stupid, often cruel, and they have been known to hold refractory children head downwards; still worse, they sometimes steal, change, or sell the children entrusted to them. But cruelty or neglect is impossible in the Vospitatelnoi Dom, for the women are here carefully chosen, well paid, and well watched.

They were short, "stodgy" ill-favored bodies, with faces like the lower order of Irish peasant women; but they were all neatly dressed in red and pink cotton gowns, and wore the national handkerchief bound round their heads, Creole fashion. They did not smile; but they looked pleased and stolidly contented after their manner. The governor, stooping down to one cradle as if he was going to shovel some sovereigns out of a bin, removed the gauze canopy and looked in. There was a rosy, black-eyed little girl, healthy and full of fun, rolling about in exuberant good-humor and happiness. She instantly clutched the governor's hand as he pinched her arm, treating him evidently as a well-remembered old playfellow.

"I have been foster-father to some two hundred thousand children," said the governor, turning to me, as if I had suddenly presented him with a cheque and he wanted to know how I would take it.

Ceaseless rooms of nurses shouldering children, and then we came to a sadder sight—the infirmary. Some poor pale children, their eyes supernaturally bright with fever, lay groaning or struggling with cruel pains. The nurses moved about quietly, and with a gentle care.

"We lose four or five a day of the poor things," said the governor, with a look as if he had just taken a dishonored bill by mistake. "Altogether two or three thousand a year die in our hands. About one hundred or so, more or less, are now in the infirmary; but we must now, sir, go and see the children at their dinner."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*, *N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.*

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
Mrs. P. M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
} Ex-Officio.

The First Annual Meeting of the Women's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission was held at the Commission Rooms, 1307 Chestnut streets, on the morning of the 4th instant.

The occasion was a very interesting one—and although, owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Annual reports were not all given in; enough was stated by the different Committees to show the great amount of work that had been accomplished, and the strong footing that this Association had obtained in the course of a single year.

The reports from the interior parts of the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, show a great increase of interest and active effort in the cause of the Commission, and a far better understanding of its working and effects. A number of new Auxiliary Societies have been formed during the past few months in all the states; some of them under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and discouragement. Delaware, in spite of all obstacles, is coming up nobly to the work, and proving herself the patriotic state we always believed her to be; and New Jersey has a large and increasing number of zealous and devotedly loyal people, who are gradually overcoming the difficulties with which they sometimes have to contend, and give generous and increasing returns, as the result of their efforts. It may not be yet generally understood that the northern part of it as including Warren county and those north of it, belong more particularly to the New York Branch of the Commission, and reports accordingly; while the central and southern portions, including Monmouth and the counties south of it, report to the Philadelphia Branch. This seems the most convenient division, and appears to give general satisfaction.

We would again remind our Auxiliary Societies how very important it is that their *regular work* and transmission of supplies to the Commission should not be interrupted by the preparation for the Fair; but then the latter should be an additional, and as it were, *external* source of supply—otherwise much loss and inconvenience would be the result.

We are glad to perceive the general interest which seems to be awakening throughout the country in regard to our great Central Fair; and if this interest goes on to increase and develope into action,' we think there is every prospect of its proving a complete and signal success.

Extract of a Letter from one of our Associate Managers.

CLAYMONT, March 30th.

DEAR MRS. ———,

In looking over this morning's North American, my eye was attracted by a piece headed "Music and the Sanitary Fair," proposing that concerts, &c., should be given in the small towns and villages throughout the three states uniting in the coming Central Fair, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission; charging such prices of admission as may seem suitable, &c., &c.

Having participated in one of these entertainments at the house of our gifted and hospitable neighbor, D———'s last evening, the first, I believe, which has been held in the rural districts, and knowing the whole to have been managed with so little trouble and expense, I feel it only right to give you an outline, that you can perhaps make use of to encourage others to try. The ordinary furniture of the room was retained, with a few pretty flowers on the mantelpiece, and drapery formed of two sets of window-curtains, one drab, the other red, was arranged from the mantelpiece to each side of the room, approaching the folding doors, thus making the stage complete, and at the same time forming a retiring room at each side. This, with two sheets at the folding doors, for the drop curtain, drawn aside by strings at the top corners, so as to make the whole space open fully, and two boards, (the width of the door,) railed together at right angles, for the foot-lights, was all that was required. We used school benches, as they accommodated more persons than chairs. As the rooms would not hold very many, the price fixed at $1. We thought all interested in the great and good work would as freely give a dollar as a half or fourth. All the neighbors paid cheerfully, some buying many more tickets than they could use; some persons coming from quite a distance to attend, and *all were* delighted! The play was a beautiful little moral comedy entitled "The Ladies' Battle." The scene was laid in France, at the chateau of the Countess d'Autreval, in 1817, the toilets being exact representation of that date. Miss M——— as Countess d'A. was admirable; combining dignity with an arch humor which made her quite irresistible; and her accomplished sister and brother performed their parts with equal felicity and success.

Miss C., from Brooklyn, was absolutely charming; and Mr. M., (so well known as a favorite amateur actor as to make his praises superfluous) and Mr. F. D., in his double capacity of actor and manager, deserved our heartfelt encomiums and thanks; to the latter indeed is owing the credit of having conceived so pleasant a scheme, and of inducing the company to come, as some of them did a distance of twenty miles to witness the performance.

An elegant little cold supper at the house of a neighboring gentleman furnished a pleasing variety in the programme, restoring the exhausted strength of the hard-worked actors, and terminating to the general satisfaction the delightful festivities of the evening.

Our Returned Prisoners.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Philadelphia Agency, 1307 Chestnut street, April 7, 1864.
To the Editor of the ———

Sir,—It will doubtless be gratifying to all who have friends among our prisoners at Richmond to know that in the event of their release they receive the kindly offices of the Sanitary Commission at the earliest possible moment.

By special permission from Gen. Butler, agents of the Commission, with all necessary supplies, accompany each flag-of-truce boat, and attend the prisoners from Fortress Monroe to Annapolis.

At Annapolis it has a depot of supplies of all kinds which are used in affording relief to such of our returned prisoners as become patients of the General Hospital at that point, and at "Camp Parole," near Annapolis, where the returned prisoners are quartered until exchanged, the Commission has two agents and a large stock of supplies, which are judiciously used in the ministration of relief and comfort.

Signed R. M. LEWIS,
General Superintendent.

The Sanitary Commission in General Banks's Department.

The following is an extract from the February report of Mr. O. C Bullard, Special Relief Agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, in the Department of the Gulf:

"Late Monday night a squad of seventy-six recruits for a New York regiment, arrived in Brashear, on their way to Franklin, to join their regiment. The night was stormy, some of the men were sick, and all without experience in the service. They had but just landed from the transport which had brought them from New York, when they were started for the field. The officer having them in charge asked if we could cook them some rations, and give them a place on the floor, or elsewhere under cover, for the night.

"We prepared them some good coffee, gave them an abundance of excellent bread and butter, and then made the best arrangement we could for sleeping. Most of the beds were already occupied. The sick men were furnished with cots, the rest were well satisfied with the floor.

"We gave them breakfast and dinner the following day, and they left us with many kind wishes for the Sanitary Commission.

"For Tuesday we had in many respects a repetition of the preceding twenty-four hours. Eighty-three men were received, some dropping in as late as 11 P. M.

"A squad of some thirty men came in about 10 P. M. They were from various regiments, on their way to New Orleans for the Invalid Corps Camp. The beds were already full, but we gave them supper, and spread them on the floor."

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 1 keg; Miss Ellen Serle; Miss Starr, 1414 Arch st., 1 pkg; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg., Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 2 boxes, Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y; Mrs. Mary B. Shantz, Commercial Hotel, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Dr. Brainerd's church, 1 pkg., Mrs. Farr, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Newark, Del., 1 box; Byberry Aid Society, 1 box; Ladies' Soldiers' Relief Association, Bethlehem, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Newcastle, Del., 1 box, 1 bale; a lady, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Jones, Roxborough, 2 pkgs; Ladies' Aid, Fairville, Chester co., 1 box, C. H. Brinton, Sec'y; Mrs. P. A. Curtis, 1 box; School Lane Circle, Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.

☞ A curious discovery has been made in the Isle of Man, where it has been ascertained that certain old cannon long used as posts on the quay, in the sea-port town of Peel, were rifled. The British Government has ordered them to be transferred to Woolwich, where they are to be preserved as the earliest specimens of rifled ordnance.

LATEST NEWS.

A dispatch from Cairo states that considerable excitement existed at Memphis on Thursday, in consequence of the pickets a few miles out having been driven in. The Memphis militia has gone to the front. There is an unconfirmed report that Shreveport had been taken without firing a gun. Seven gunboats had gone above the shoals of the Red River to co-operate with the land forces.

Lieut. Gen. Grant has ordered all old troops and new recruits to be put into the field, at the West, without delay. Gen. Sherman has addressed the Governor of Missouri to the same effect. The veterans belonging to the armies of the Ohio and Cumberland report at Nashville. The Army of the Tennessee assembles at Cairo.

The rebels attacked Roeches' plantation, seven miles above Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo river, on Friday, the 1st, and destroyed all the buildings. The 1st Massachusetts (colored) cavalry fought the rebels for some time, and finally repulsed them.

The rebels under McCrea, are reappearing above Duvall's Bluff on the White river. The garrison retired to the gunboats.

☞ JEALOUSY OF ANIMALS.—Most animals, especially the dog, are jealous. We have an old spaniel which has become so dainty through long indulgence, that he will often refuse any food which may not happen to suit his fancy. If, however, the rejected morsel be offered to any other animal, whether fowl or quadruped, Dash will immediately overcome his fastidiousness, and greedily devour the food rather than leave it to a rival. Birds, also, are jealous. The peacock will kill his own young rather than allow them to share with him the attachment of his mate—thus the peahen *steals her nest*, or makes it slyly in secret places where the male bird cannot discover his offspring, the cautious mother never bringing her chicks out until they are old enough to escape, by running or otherwise, the jealous vengeance of their unnatural parent.

☞ THE LADY.—The aim of a real lady is always to be natural and unaffected, and to wear her talents, her accomplishments, and her learning, as well as the newest and finest dresses—as if she did not know she had them about her.

☞ In reply to a complaining correspondent, the Memphis Bulletin says:—"A soldier should not be too captious with his spiritual adviser. If he neither drinks to excess, gambles, deals in cotton, nor finds horses that are not lost, he is above reproach for a chaplain."

☞ The brother of Beethoven signed his name, to distinguish himself from his lawless brother, "——— von Beethoven, landowner." The immortal composer retorted by signing his, "Ludwig von Beethoven, brain owner."

———"SURE the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the eventide of life!
A life well spent! whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green;
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems largest at his setting.

☞ Mrs Frances D Gage, in a recent address on the condition of the blacks on the sea-cotton islands of South Carolina, said that when she went there in 1862, "they neither used profane language nor got drunk; but since the white man was introduced, and the intercourse between the two races had extended and become common, the contraband had arrived at a remarkable state of accomplishment in the gentlemanly disqualifications of swearing and drinking whiskey."

☞ A little boy some four years of age, whom we will call Charley, while playing near an open hatchway, accidentally fell in, and but for a basket of shavings which fortunately stood beneath, would probably have been killed. The family were quite impressed by his providential escape, and frequent allusions were made to it during the day. At night, after Charley had been put to bed and left to himself, his little voice was heard in prayer. In tones full of faith and love, the little fellow poured out his heart-felt petition—"Oh, God, please keep that cellar-door shut, but if you can't do that, won't you always keep a basket of shavings there?"

☞ Mr. Cobb, on his death-bed, said to Dr. Hague, "I think I can say, as in the sight of God, that my aim in making money is the same as that of every true minister of Christ in preaching the gospel."

☞ After successfully popping the question, the next thing is to *question the pop*.

☞ A good story is told of the rebel Gen. Wise. Whilst encamped on the Peninsula, he one day was riding along some road in the vicinity of his quarters, and came upon one of his wagons which was fast stalled. The driver was a white man. Upon seeing this spectacle he reined up his horse, and looking upon John, said, "Here is a fine wagon and team going to destruction for want of a driver." The latter, fixing his eye on the general, retorted—"Yes, and here is a very fine brigade going to destruction for want of a brigadier." The general resumed his journey at a quickened pace.

☞ In all places, and in all times, those religionists who have believed too much, have been more inclined to violence and persecution than those who have believed too little—I suspect the reason is, that indifference is a much less active principle than enthusiasm.—*Lacon.*

MY FIRST BORN CHILD.

BY M. E. BRADLEY.

My little child! my patient child!
She sleepeth well at last;
Her weary days of restless pain,
Her wakeful nights are past:
No need to check with warning hand
The children at the door,
Their little heedless, hurrying feet
Will waken her no more.

She was the oldest of them all,
And dear as were the rest,
A charm hung round her to the last
That made me love her best.
Her baby-touch first thrilled to sense
Life's purest pulse of bliss;
Her tiny lips first taught to mine
Love's sweetest, holiest kiss.

And so, though with the coming years
Came some that were more fair—
More roses on their dimpled cheeks,
More sunshine in their hair,—
Not one of all the little flock
Was quite so close to me;—
And Death must choose her first, to show
How cruel death can be!

Ah well! some sweetness lingers still
About the bitter cup;
Some tender reasons make me glad
To yield my darling up.
I know that care, and grief, and pain,
Are fruits all lives must bear;
I know some stain of earthly sin
The fairest soul must wear.

And so I cross these wax-white hands
Above this silent breast,
And close the eyelids tenderly
To their unwaking rest,—
With tears, that cannot tell one-half
My yearning pain and woe,
And yet with untold thankfulness,
That God has willed it so.

I never shall know change in her:
This dear, dead lamb will be
The only one of all the flock
Untouched by Time, for me.
Forever in my memory,
Her precious little face
Will keep its unstained innocence,
Its nameless, touching grace:

And whether as the years go by,
The children that remain
Shall crown my life with happiness,
Or wring my heart with pain,
Her sweet, child-like obedience
That only knew my will—
Her simple, loving thoughtfulness,
Shall be my comfort still.

My child! my little patient child!
So gentle, pure, and good,
I would not break your holy sleep,—
I would not if I could.
I cherish in my heart of hearts
An image undefiled,
And you will wait in Heaven for me,
My precious, first born child!

THE SORROWS OF GREATNESS.

There were six of us, an agreeably varied assortment of boys and girls, of whom I was the youngest. My worthy father had a custom of measuring the stature of his growing family once a year. It was a solemn ceremony. Dressed in our best clothes, and with our heads rasped to a preternatural smoothness by nurse's uncompromising hair brush, we were marshalled in the paternal dressing-room. Well do I remember that apartment. It was pervaded by a penetrating odor of boot-leather. Rows of boots met the eye in every direction. In those days I used to wonder why my father had only two legs; I fancied he should have been a centipede; but I have since learned that he never had a corn in his life, and that he attributed his immunity to the fact of never wearing a pair of new boots for more than two hours at a stretch. Enough of boots; I did not take up my pen to write of them, but of my miserable self. Let me proceed with my allotted task.

I was five years old on the first measuring day of which I can recall a distinct memory. Bidding me remove my shoes, my father gently placed my head against the dressing-room door, which was scored over with pencil notices of names, dates and heights. He applied his infallible four foot rule.

"Bless me, Bella!" he exclaimed, addressing my mother, "this boy is growing prodigiously. Six inches in the twelvemonth! He is already taller than you, Lizzy, who are three years older; and he will soon be up to your pencil-line, Master Bob. Yes, Bella," continued my father, smiling and rubbing his hands—for, being a small man himself, he was proud of my increasing stature—"yes, Bella, David will out-top us all."

Hitherto Bob and I had been a loving pair of brothers, but the ordeal of measurement aroused his jealousy. The privileges of elder birth were invaded by my growing propensities. He began to be irritable. He was perpetually placing his back against mine, for the purpose of comparing heights, and would on these occasions viciously bump our heads together. As his skull was incomparably the thickest, I fared the worse from these collisions.

I soon became an object of public remark. "What fools some parents are!" exclaimed one gentleman to another in the street; "look at that great lubberly boy in a tunic and bare legs, still hanging on to his nurse's apron-string. Why he is nearly old enough to be leaving school."

The gentleman did not know the character of my nurse, Mrs. Crossley; she reddened with anger, and turning sharp on her heel, addressed him thus: "So you know when the child was christened, do you, Mr. Poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business?"

"I suppose about fourteen years ago," replied the gentleman, somewhat abashed.

"You're wrong, Mr. Impudence, and I'll thank you not to make insulting speeches in the public thoroughfares, or the New Police"—the police and the General Post-Office were both styled new in them days—"may have something to say to you. This blessed lamb is not seven yet, as his pa and ma can testify."

"Why, he is a monster!" exclaimed the gentleman's companion, an insolent red-faced fellow in a blue satin scarf—"a perfect monster! Not seven yet! You should put him in a show."

I was a sensitive boy, and at these harsh words I began to weep. Mrs. Crossley was furious, and shook her umbrella in the faces of the foe.

"You call yourselves men, and come here to mock and jeer at a poor infant who is as heaven has made him, and can't diminish a cupid of his own stature. Shame on you! you deserve to be pelted through the town, you mean, cruel creetura, you!"

As the crowd who had assembled, though entirely ignorant of the cause of offence, sympathized strongly with Mrs. Crossley, the two gentlemen beat a hasty retreat.

But I had not always Mrs Crossley to defend me, and the street boys of our neighborhood made my life miserable by dancing a sort of *Carmagnole* round me to the following words: "O my! O my! O my! seven years old and six foot high; O would I be sich a regler Guy!"

Six foot high was a huge exaggeration. Still matters were dismal enough. On my eighth birth-day I was privately measured by my father; he found that I was five feet four, or half an inch taller than himself. His face became grave.

"When a boy of eight, Bella, out-tops his father," he said at the dinner-table, "something must be done."

"But what?" demanded my mother, with an anxious look.

"Procrustes!" sniggered Bob, as he sat waiting for his pea-soup to cool.

"Leave the room, sir!" thundered my father, "and take your dinner with you. I'll permit no unfeeling jests."

"Who was Procrustes?" asked my mother.

"A person of lawless propensities, my dear, with an extreme passion for uniformity. Ha!" exclaimed my father, suddenly striking his forehead, like Handel, "I have an idea. It shall be carried out at once."

I was sent to a country school, where, on my arrival, the head-master addressed me in these words: "My boy, it is your father's wish that you should call yourself fourteen years old." The effect of this pious fraud was, that instead of being regarded as a rather intelligent child of my age, I was looked upon as a babyish hobbledehoy. My muscles were flaccid and undeveloped, so that I was useless at cricket; my unwieldy size (for I was thick as well as tall) prevented my achieving success at prisoner's base, and my sympathies naturally led me to seek companionship among my real equals in age, the smallest boys in the school. They, however, rejected my advances with fear and repulsion, just as a chirping brood of sparrows would shrink at the intrusion of a young rook. Despised by the elder boys, and dreaded by the younger, I wandered solitarily about the playground, immersed in bitter reflection. But, unfortunately, grief did not stop my growth. Year after year, as I came home for the midsummer and Christmas holidays, my father regarded my increasing stature with a face of painful astonishment. He hardly had the heart to measure me, especially as he was soon compelled to mount a stool for the purpose. Bob no longer dared to bully me. He was awed by my monstrous presence. Nurse Crossley, who had retired on half-pay, and took in plain needle-work at an adjoining cottage, was still pleased to see me; but even she began to regard me with a face of apprehension. She grieved me bitterly one day by saying: "Master Davy, your parents, being small, which your pa is but a few inches off a dwarft, I begin to be feared that you, or least ways what ought to be you, was changed at nuss!"

At fourteen, I had attained the height of six feet two inches; my schoolfellows believed that I was twenty, and wondered I did not leave Poplar House Academy. They taunted me with effeminacy, and laughed at my shrill voice, which still piped in childish treble. I must mention that I was not an ill-looking fellow. My figure, though clumsy, was not deformed; my features were good; my complexion was clear and healthy. But as I grew older and bigger, I became more and more sensitive. I withdrew myself as much as possible from the view of my fellow-creatures. There was a private path (accessible only by the schoolmaster's key) leading from our playing-field to a sluggish stream, bordered with pollarded willows. On the margin of this miniature river I used to sit for hours, with my long legs dangling over the water, watching the swallows as they swooped down on their prey, or the rats, as they swam cautiously from bank to bank with only their noses above water. Here I would remain in a state of negative happiness till the sun had set, and the bats flew in circles round and round the hollow trees. One evening I had just looked at my watch (having been endowed with that dignified appendage in consideration of my size several years before), and was reflecting with a sigh that I must quit my solitary retreat, and mingle once more in the din and merriment of the school-room, when a hand was laid softly on my shoulder. I turned my head, and beheld the face of a man whom I had seldom seen, though I had often heard his name mentioned.

Mr. Leverton was the recluse of the village. He scarcely ever stirred out of his house, which was situated on the banks of the river, saw no company, never went to church, and spent most of his time in fishing. As he was a strict preserver, and my schoolfellows had often trespassed on his waters, I fancied he deemed me one of the culprits, and was about to execute summary vengeance on my person; but I was speedily undeceived by the mildness of his address.

"My young friend," he said, "I have watched you for some time past. As I stand, rod in hand, at yonder bend of the river, I can see you through the trees. Like me, you are fond of solitude. Consequently, there is a natural sympathy between us. Now, what do you think about?"

"About giants."

"Giants! That is a strange subject of contemplation."

"I think to myself, shall I become a giant?" said I with a blush.

"Nonsense, why you must have done growing. How old are you?"

I thought of my father's strict injunction, and of the deceit which had been successfully maintained for the last six years, and replied with some hesitation:

"I am twenty, sir."

"Too old for school. What can your parents be thinking of? At your age, I was battling with the world. Come, you shall sup at my house."

"I am afraid Mr. Wickham will object, sir."

"I have his permission. See here," said Mr. Leverton, displaying a paper, "in black and white. If you wish for comfort in this villainous world, have everything in black and white. Read it."

"Mr. Leverton has Mr. Wickham's permission to invite Mr. David Elworthy to his house whenever he pleases."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come along."

The recluse unlocked a gate studded with spikes and interlaced with brambles which led to his own property. He preceded me at a swift pace, the decisive abruptness of which corresponded with his manner of speaking; and as soon as we reached the house—a small but picturesque edifice, completely screened from view by evergreen foliage—he unlocked the front-door with a latch-key, and pushed me into the hall.

Pointing to another door, he said: "Go in there, and wait till I come." I opened the door and went in. To my astonishment, a figure rose up at my entrance, a female figure. I felt utterly abashed. I was entirely unaccustomed to ladies' society, and here I was face to face with a pretty young lady. Excepting sisters (who count for nothing), my intercourse with the fair sex had been hitherto limited to my mother and nurse Crossley. I stood in the middle of the room, blushing red-hot to the ears, gasping for breath, and twirling a chair by way of employing my hands. I cannot describe the young lady from what I saw at that juncture. I saw a cloud of white with a fascinating face at the top of it, and that is all. I don't know how long I stood in this ridiculous posture; it might be two minutes, but it felt like forty, when I was brought to my senses by a soft voice saying: "Pray, be seated, Mr. Elworthy."

My face grew hotter than ever at the sound of my own name, and I selected the slenderest chair in the room, one of those elegant ornamental articles with spiral legs and a feeble back, which are not meant to be sat upon. On this fragile piece of workmanship I cautiously deposited my bulky person.

"Are you not tired of school, Mr. Elworthy?"

"Oh no, not at all—that is, yes I am."

After this contradictory speech, I was all blush from the soles of my feet to the summit of my head. I felt like a red cabbage.

"You do not play at games, I think?"

"No, miss; that is, I don't play at—at any games."

A fresh burst of blushing followed this brilliant speech, while my chair creaked in a terribly threatening manner. I was too shy, however, to move to one that was more substantial, and prayed inwardly that Mr. Leverton might soon appear.

"Are you fond of reading?"

"Very, miss."

"Here is a book that you may like to look at," said the young lady rising. Natural politeness caused me to rise also to save her the trouble of crossing the room, but at that moment Mr. Leverton burst in abruptly, and I plumped back into my chair like a guilty thing.

The shock was too much for that frail piece of furniture. It uttered one dying squeak, and collapsed beneath my weight. I found myself among the ruins on the floor.

A smile passed over the young lady's face; but she restrained herself at once, and looked sorry and concerned. I loved her from that moment. She evidently saw how miserably nervous I was, and would not for an instant pain me by appearing to laugh at my disaster.

"There," said Mr. Leverton, assisting me somewhat roughly to my feet—"there, Emily, that's your doing. Who but a fool would put a stout young man into that gimcrack affair? However, I'm glad it's broken. I hate shams, and a chair which is not meant to be sat in is an organized sham. Come, we'll have supper. David, give my daughter your arm. Oh, I forgot you've not been introduced. Mr. David Elworthy, my daughter, Miss Leverton."

The supper consisted of a dish of perch, a Dutch cheese, and a jug of home-brewed ale. Nature has gifted me with a tolerable appetite, and after our school fare of sinewy mutton and stringy beef, I found the fish delicious. The malt liquor inspired me with courage. I began to feel at my ease, and ventured to examine my host's countenance. He was a tall bony man, with black straight hair flecked with gray, and features which, but for their harshness, would have been handsome. I then glanced shyly at his daughter. She had inherited her father's features, but their stern outlines were softened down to the most feminine delicacy. Her hair was chestnut-brown, glossy and abundant; her eyes were gray, her nose was straight, her mouth full of expression. As for her neck and shoulders, I have since studied statuary, and never saw any sculptured forms more beautifully rounded.

Suddenly, as I was gazing open-mouthed on this lovely vision, I became aware that her father was watching me keenly. I hastily withdrew my eyes and directed them to the table-cloth, blushing like beet-root.

"Do you want any more supper, David?" he asked, after a few moments' pause.

"No, sir, thank you."

"Then take your hat and be off"

Feeling sure that I had committed some terrible *faux-pas*, I was about to rush from the room, when Mr. Leverton shouted:

"What! won't you say good-night?"

He offered me a hard, dry hand to shake. I made a clumsy bow to Miss Leverton.

"What, David!" he exclaimed, "shake hands with the father and only bow to the daughter! That won't do."

Miss Leverton offered her hand. The pressure of that soft palm sent an electric thrill, half-pleasurable, half-painful, all up my arm.

Her father then pushed me in a rough, good-humored way out of the house, and locked the door after me, saying:

"Go straight home, David. No more ponderings to-night on the river bank."

I slept indifferently. Strange visions disturbed my rest. Emily Leverton, seated on a side-saddle, rode an enormous perch, which hovered over my bed; then her father appeared, armed with a Dutch cheese, which he flung at my head. I awoke with a cry of fear.

"Ah! you may well sing out, Master Grampus; and I'll send another at your head if you do it again."

It was Tubbs who spoke, a ferocious, bullying boy. He sat up in bed, looking most truculent, with his night-cap cocked over his left ear. He brandished a slipper in his hand.

"Do what?" I asked in my absurd treble voice.

"Do what?" said Tubbs, mimicking my shrill speech. "Do what? Why, snore. "You've been snoring loud enough to wake old Wickham."

"Have I? I'm sorry for it."

"Do it again, and you'll get this slipper, and a 'cold pig' into the bargain," growled the bully, composing himself to sleep, for it was barely five o'clock.

This was a melancholy awakening. I never loathed Poplar House Academy so much as I did that morning. I tried to go to sleep again, and dream of the big perch, with its fair rider; but fear of 'cold pig—I was not gifted with personal courage—kept me awake till it was time to get up.

I repaired more diligently than ever, during the next few days, to my river-side haunt, partly to escape from the inquisitiveness of my companions, who wanted to know why that fish-preserving hunks, old Leverton, had invited me to supper.

"I know why," piped a small youth of nine, about the height (metaphorically) of sixpenny worth of halfpence. "I know why. He wants Goliath to marry his daughter."

The handsomest and tallest boy in the school—his head just reached my chin—immediately boxed the little urchin's ears, saying, as he placed his hand on his hip, and ran his fingers through his light curls:

"I flatter myself she could choose better."

Poor Goliath blushed scarlet, and slunk away to the river.

I had not the least idea then—such an innocent was I—what was the matter with me, but I have since discovered that I, the overgrown boy of fourteen, was in love with Emily Leverton. I broke both the large and small blade of my pocket knife, trying to carve E. L. on one of the old willows. I attempted to make rhymes to her name, but I could think of none but Everton, which smacked of toffey. I tried to catch a glimpse of her father, but was unsuccessful. I now and then observed the top joint of his fishing-rod peeping through the trees, but though he must have seen me, he showed no signal of recognition.

A fortnight of anxious expectancy passed away; I was waiting as usual by the river for the school supper-bell to ring, when again a hand was laid on my shoulder. Although I had anticipated the touch of those fingers for thirteen successive evenings, I started as convulsively as if Mr. Leverton had put a frog down my back.

"Nervous, eh?" said he. "We shall cure that. It is not good for a man to be alone. Let me see," he continued, stroking his chin contemplatively. "Twenty years old. Then you will be twenty-one next birthday?"

"Yes, sir," I murmured, feeling what a falsehood was wrapped up in this seeming truism. "On the ninth of September."

"Hum—ha," said Mr. Leverton. "Supper waits for you."

Again a dish of fish, Dutch cheese, and ale. I was less shy this time; I began to talk, and told my host all about my family. Emily looked lovely in her simple white muslin. After supper, at her father's bidding, she opened the pianoforte, and sang a few songs. I was in the seventh heaven, and the singer was St. Cecilia. Her father broke the spell.

"Come," he said, looking at the clock; "'tis time to go; I will walk with you."

As soon as we were outside the house, he spoke thus, as if in soliloquy:

"Twenty-one in September; he will do admirably. Gentle, innocent, and pliable; I shall mould him like wax. Instead of losing a daughter, I shall gain a son. David, you shall marry Emily!"

I stood in the moonlight with my mouth wide open, looking, I suspect, like a gigantic baby.

"Sir!" I stammered.

"Wouldn't you like to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then that is settled. In the mid-summer holidays I shall come and talk to your father about it, David. Till then," he said sternly, "silence. Good-night."

After this conversation, I was frequently invited to Mr. Leverton's abode. We did not always have fish for supper; still, frugality was the rule of the household. I had overcome my shyness with the recluse, and in his company conversed pretty freely; but alone with Emily, I sat as mum as a stock fish. My attempts at courting consisted in turning over the leaves of her music-book, invariably at the wrong moment. I doubt if Jeanie Deans thought the Laird of Dumbiedikes as dull as Emily must have found me. I began to fancy, too, that the young lady's manner had grown frigid and constrained; I saw a furtive tear occasionally start from her eyelid. What did it mean?

I went home for the midsummer holidays, and found myself confronted by a sad calamity. My dear father, who had so often measured others, died suddenly, and was himself measured—for his coffin. Shortly after his funeral, the will was read. He had been a prosperous professional man, and had saved money. After providing for my mother and sisters, and leaving the business to my elder brothers, my name was mentioned: "To my beloved son David, I leave the sum of five thousand pounds, to be held in trust for his benefit until he attains his majority."

As I listened to these words with feelings of tearful gratitude for my father's considerate kindness, I felt a gentle pressure of the arm. I looked round, and saw Mr. Leverton.

"Don't be alarmed," he whispered; "I came in with your solicitor, an old friend of mine. I want a word with you in private."

He had such a commanding way with him, that I accompanied him at once to the garden.

"David," he exclaimed, "this is glorious. I don't refer to your poor father's death. I am sorry for it, but it is the common lot. I speak of yourself. In two months you will be your own master, and may, if you please, become my son-in-law. Emily has come with me to London. Here is our address. Call and see us."

Such is the power of continuous falsehood, that I had really began to believe myself six years older than I actually was, and I think the self-deception had tended to give me the feelings of manhood. Still, I knew that I was an impostor. And what would my mother and sister say when they heard of Emily? Above all, what would Bob say? He would scorch me with ridicule. I hesitated about calling on the Levertons, when, a few days later, I received a letter, written, to my astonishment, by Emily herself, demanding an immediate interview. It was the first time I had seen her handwriting, and I kissed that precious piece of paper till it was quite crumply and dog's-eared. With a palpitating heart I induced my best surtout (I had long worn "tails,") put on a spotless pair of lavender gloves, and carried a Malacca cane; in short, but for my treble voice, I was to all intents and purposes a tall, stout young man of twenty, instead of a boy-giant.

I found Emily alone. Her father, she said, had gone into the city. She looked pale and anxious, traces of tears were in her eyes. After making some absurdly confused remarks on the state of the weather, I collapsed as to conversation. Miss Leverton then addressed me thus:

"Mr. Elworthy, I wish to speak with you seriously. In the first place, do you know why my father leads such a retired life?"

"No," I murmured.

"Then I will tell you. He was once a rich man, but a neighbor of ours, Mr. Maverley, persuaded him to embark his fortune in a speculation which proved ruinous. Mr. Maverley lost all his own property as well, but my father refused to forgive him on that account. He persisted in regarding him as a designing knave; and withdrawing from the world, with the wreck of his property, became the recluse you have seen. Mr. Maverley is dead, but his son lives; and that son, Mr. Elworthy, in happier days was my affianced lover."

A blush suffused my face, but it was the blush of disappointment, not of shyness. I instantly hated this young Maverley. He was coming between me and my cherished hopes. Had I been the Giant Blunderbore (according to the popular view of that worthy,) I should have locked him up in my castle-larder, and made bread of his bones. I must have looked quite fierce, for Emily said:

"You seem affected, Mr. Elworthy!"

"No," I replied, gasping like a fish in her father's landing-net. "No, Miss Leverton, not at all."

This was a tremendous falsehood, but Emily continued quietly:

"After his father's death, Edward Maverley went to Canada. Five years of steady industry have rewarded him with prosperity. He again seeks my hand—but my father hates him, and has determined that I shall marry you to insure his disappointment. Mr. Elworthy, I respect you, but I cannot love you as I love Edward Maverley—I have known him from infancy. We were playmates before we could speak. But my father is a stern, inflexible man. He has taught me to regard his will as law. I dare not oppose him, unless—unless you will release me."

Until that moment I did not know how much I loved Emily Leverton. You may laugh, and say it was calf-love, for she was certainly ten years older than myself; still, I did love her deeply—sincerely. Not knowing what to say, I gasped once more.

At this moment there was an authoritative knock at the street-door.

"Papa!" exclaimed Emily.

I nervously caught up my hat and cane, and essayed to depart.

"Stay, stay, I implore you!" she cried, taking my hand between her own. (To this day I preserve the right-hand lavender glove, which her pretty fingers pressed, as a sacred relic.) "Be kind, be generous, and release me; nay, do not merely release me, but speak a word for Edward."

This was selfish and inconsiderate of Emily; but then love is selfish and inconsiderate. Jack, the eternal enemy of giants, was in my power. I was not only entreated to restore him his shoes of swiftness and sword of sharpness, but also to give him my castle. It was too bad.

Mr. Leverton entered the room.

"Hollos, David!" he said. "Paying your promised visit, eh? That's right. But Emily, what's the matter?" he continued abruptly, while a black look passed over his face. "Crying? what about?"

"A conversation I have had with Mr. Elworthy."

"The subject?"

"Edward Maverley," answered Emily, timidly.

"He is a scoundrel!" thundered Mr. Leverton; "or at least the son of a scoundrel, who robbed me of all my money."

"Mr. Maverley's intentions were as honest as yours, papa; and he lost his own fortune as you did. Besides, Edward is prepared to repay you."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Leverton.

"To repay you all you lost—upon one condition."

"And that?"

"That he becomes your son-in-law."

"I thought so," sneered Mr. Leverton. "No, Miss Emily. This," he said, clapping me on the back, "is the son-in-law to my taste—David Elworthy."

"I fear not, sir," I stammered out bashfully.

"What, David!" shouted Mr. Leverton.

"I'll be back directly, sir," I said, and catching up my hat and cane, hurried from the house.

In the space of an hour I returned to Mr. Leverton's lodgings, accompanied by Dr. Gayfield, the faithful medical attendant of our family, who had known us boys and girls before we knew ourselves. He was short and stout, and the walk had put him considerably out of breath.

"Ugh, ugh! David, my child, what a hurry you are in! Consider the length of your legs, and the shortness of my wind. Bless me, what a big fellow you are grown, and only the other day I saw you short-coated!"

We found Mr. Leverton pacing the room with short, fierce strides. Emily sat with a handkerchief before her eyes; her face appeared unnaturally flushed.

"What, back again, David?" said her father, stopping abruptly in his walk—"Who's this?"

"Dr. Gayfield."

"Divinity?"

"No, sir; medicine," said the little doctor, with a smile and a bow.

"Hang it, David! I thought you had retracted your rash speech, and brought a parson to arrange preliminaries. We don't want a medical man. I am not ill, and Emily is only obstinate."

I gathered together the small modicum of courage which animated my extensive frame; and rolling it up into a practicable lump, threw it, so to speak, at Mr. Leverton's head.

"Sir," I said, "will you ask Dr. Gayfield how old I am?"

"What mummery is this?" exclaimed my intending father-in-law. "I know your age as well as he does. You were born in the month of September."

"Exactly," smiled Dr. Gayfield.

"Eighteen hundred and twenty-three."

"Hollos!" cried the doctor. "We are now in July, eighteen hundred and forty-four, sir, are we not?"

"Certainly."

"Then you mean to say this child is nearly twenty one?"

"Child!" said Mr. Leverton. "Child! Why do you call him child?"

"Because he is not yet fifteen. See, sir, if you will not believe my word, here is a copy of his baptismal certificate; original to be seen on application at St. Timothy's Church."

Mr. Leverton took the paper in his hand. As he read it, his jaw dropped. "Baptized in October eighteen twenty-nine. Born five weeks preceding, on the ninth of September. David," he said, "you are an impostor."

"Yes, sir," I replied meekly.

"And what is more, you are a monster—a hideous monster. Why, if you go on at this rate till you are really one-and-twenty, you will be ten feet high. Leave the house, you Typhoeus!"

"Father," exclaimed Emily, indignantly, "I will not listen to this language. Boy or man, Mr. Elworthy has behaved with noble unselfishness."

She crossed the room, and shook my hand warmly. The doctor and I presently quitted the house arm-in-arm. Old Leverton had behaved like a brute, but his daughter was an angel.

I have often seen her since, for she is the happy wife of Edward Waverley, or, as I jocularly call him, Jack the Giant-killer. They are my firmest friends. It seems that Edward defeated old Leverton. He had battled with grizzly bears in America, and he determined to conquer this British specimen of the genus. He told Mr. Leverton plainly, that he was prepared to repay him all that had been lost in his father's unlucky speculation; but that if he refused this proposition, he would run away with his daughter in spite of him. The recluse at length gave a sullen consent, and they were married. The restoration of his fortune had the same effect on the old fellow that the gold goblet had on Parnell's churlish miser; and although somewhat inordinately addicted to solitude and sniggling for eels, he made a tolerably amiable father-in-law.

It was long before I recovered my disappointment—in fact, I don't think I have ever recovered it, for after nineteen years, I am still a bachelor. Nothing would induce me to return to Poplar House Academy. The story was all over the country, and the bare thought of Tubb's brutal jeste filled me with horror. So, after consulting with her friends, my mother sent me to a college in Germany. I should have preferred Patagonia, as my stature would there have been unnoticed, but unfortunately there are no educational establishments in that region. So I went to Beerland, and found my fellow-students less inclined to jeer at me than Englishmen. Except a few harmless jokes about the Brocken Spectre, I got on pretty comfortably.

I continued, however, to grow with frightful rapidity. I tried starving, I tried hard exercise, I tried Sybaritic indolence; all systems resulted in additional inches. At twenty-one, I was six feet eleven inches high. At that preposterous altitude, I feel thankful to say, I stopped. I am glad I am not seven feet; it enables me to say, in speaking of myself, I am above six feet, which, you know, is nothing extraordinary.

During the year after I ceased to grow, I measured myself about ten times a day. I had a machine constructed for the purpose. Did I imagine that I had increased half a barleycorn in height I was miserable. But, thank goodness, I have stopped, and never wish to be wound-up again. There is comfort in the thought that declining years will bring a slight declension of stature.

I am now settled in London, for I find that, on the whole, the Cockneys stare less, and make fewer remarks on personal appearance, than country folks. I live quietly and unobtrusively on the interest of my five thousand pounds. The street boys are my worst foes. Only yesterday, a rude boy, pointing to a pair of plump twins in a perambulator, shouted out:

"I say, Master Giant, wouldn't you like to have them two kids for your supper?"

This to me, who would not knowingly tread on a black beetle, is simply shameful. But I must bear my lot in patience.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals, or Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep;
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires past away;
The world's great drama will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER XVI.

I DO SIR MASSINGBERD A LITTLE FAVOR.

Upon my return to Fairburn, I became the object of immense curiosity and attraction. I was stared at in the rector's pew at church, and in my solitary rides, withersoever I went, as the repository of the great secret of the disruption between Sir Massingberd and his nephew. It was even whispered that I was the prime mover of the young man's rebellion, and had planned the very manner of his escape upon Panther, including the accident. At all events, I knew all that had happened, which nobody else knew, except my tutor himself. Now Mr. Long was as close as wax. Many an invitation had Mrs. Myrtle obtained of late to take a dish of tea upon grounds which her hosts had since stigmatized as false pretences. As the housekeeper and confidential servant of the rector, she had been asked by Mrs. Arabel of the Grange Farm to take evening refreshment with her in a friendly way; also by Mrs. Remnants, who kept that extensive emporium in the village which supplied snuff to the aged of both sexes.

Conceive, then, how every face was turned interrogatively towards Master Meredith—no, *Mr.* Meredith, now that the object of everybody was to please him. How the dames dropped courtesies, and hoped my honor was well; and my honor's friend too, Mr. Marmaduke, he was well too, they trusted—Heaven bless him; and he was staying away from Fairburn a good bit, was he not; and how did his uncle like that, who had always kept him at home so strict—and was it true that he was residing with Mr. Harvey Gerard? well, dear me, and how odd that was; an atheist and a democrat, people did say; but then, there were some again as spoke well of him.

Sedate Mr. Arabel, set on, without doubt, by his inquisitive lady, even waylaid me in a narrow lane, and insisted upon my looking in at the farm, and partaking of casual hospitality. It was rather difficult to escape from hospitable snares of this kind, but I revealed as little as possible without giving absolute offence. On the other hand, I received some information, the details of which had not been confided to me by Mr. Long.

"Well, sir," remarked Mrs. Arabel, after I had told her all I meant to tell, which was not much, "and it's no wonder as Mr. Marmaduke *should* have run away, I'm sure."

"My good lady," observed I, "pray, be particular; I never said he run away; I said his horse run away."

"Yes, of course, sir," responded the mistress of the Grange, winking in a manner that made me quite uncomfortable; "you are very right to say that, Mr. Meredith—very right. But Sir Massingberd's opinion is, that it was all planned from first to last, only he says you nearly overdid it."

"Ah, indeed," said I; "how was that?"

"Well, it seems Sir Massingberd was quite deceived about that horse he bought for his nephew; instead of being quiet, and fit for the lad, it was a perfect demon; and it was sheer madness of you young gentlemen to go racing in order to make it run away; then, to arrange with Mr. Gerard all beforehand—well, I must say I shouldn't have thought that either of you would have had the depth."

"Thank you, Mrs. Arabel," said I, laughing; "I am sorry you thought so little of our intelligence."

"Well, sir," returned the farmer's wife, with an air of excessive candor, "my husband, you see, he often has said to me, says he, 'That young squire Marmaduke, I'm darned if he ain't little better than a fool; he don't know what shot to use for rabbits—that he don't; I never saw his equal for ignorance. And as for that lad from the Ingles—that was you, you know, sir—well, of all the young fellows turned of seventeen as I ever saw, he's the'—"

Here Mrs. Arabel crimsoned, and stopped short, as if she had been very nearly betrayed into saying something which was not entirely complimentary.

"Pray, go on, my dear madam," said I; "of all the young fellows turned of seventeen whom he had ever seen, I was the—"

"Well, sir, he'd just the same opinion of you as he had of Master Marmaduke; but, for my part, I always said, that although you might neither on you know so much as you ought to, and though you might seem—as it were—"

"Ay, you always stood our friend, and said we were not such fools as we looked; did you?"

"Just so," replied Mrs. Arabel, simply; "and so you see it has turned out. If Mr. Marmaduke can only live elsewhere till something happens to Sir Massingberd—although, indeed, he looks as if nothing ever could hurt him—his life will doubtless be much pleasanter than at the Hall: it is no place for a young gentleman like him, surely although, indeed, things are better there than they were. That dark eyed foreigneering-looking young person—although, indeed, she was old enough to know better—well, *she's* gone."

"So I have heard," said I dryly.

"Yes, she went away in a whirlwind, *she* did," continued Mrs. Arabel reflectively.

"Dear me," replied I, "I never heard that."

"Ah, indeed, I dare say not; why, you see, Mr. Long was a little mixed up in it. Perhaps he thought it better not to tell you. Take another glass of cowslip wine, sir; it has been more than ten years in bottle; and the cake is as good a cake as you will put teeth into in all Midshire, though I say it as shouldn't say it. Well, the thing happened in this way, you see. The foreigneering female, she used to throw things at folks—dishes, plates, whatever came first to hand, whenever she was in her tantrums. Mr. Gilmore he had his head opened with a slop-basin, so that you could lay your finger in it; and Oliver Bradford, I believe she fired a gun at him, charged with swan-shot. However, at times she was quite otherwise, crying and submissive as a child. They said it was religion up at the Hall; but they knows nothing about that; how should they? It was hysterics, I dare say, and serve her right too. Well, who should come here, the very Sunday after Mr. Marmaduke had run away, and when Sir Massingberd was like a wild man with rage, and couldn't speak without blaspheming, but one of them Methodee preachers as sometimes hold forth upon our common. Now the foreigneering female was a-walking in the park shrubbery, with one of her hysterical fits upon her, I suppose, and what does she hear through the palings but words as I suppose the poor creature never listened to before; and presently out she comes upon the common, and stands up among all the people, with her great eyes swollen with weeping, and her painted cheks—and I always said they were painted—daubed and smeared with tears. Carter John, who is very much given to that sort of worship, he was there; and he told me she looked for all the world like the woman in the great picture over the communion-table in Crittenden Church, who is wiping the feet of our Lord with her hair.

"Then the preacher, he bade her repent while there was yet time, and fear nothing but only God. But Sir Massingberd, he came out, and dragged her in from the very preacher's hand, and presently out again he comes with a horse-whip, and swears there shall be no Methodees in his parish, and if he caught the hypocritical ranter—as he called him—within hearing again, he'd split his ears. Now, I don't go with him there," pursued Mrs. Arabel, gravely. "It isn't for us, Mr. Meredith, to say as nobody can't pick up good, unless it's in church; and least of all should such things be said by Sir Massingberd, who lets that beautiful family-pew get dampt and mouldy, with the fire-place always empty all the winter long, and never puts his nose into it from year's end to year's end. However, what does the foreigneering female do, but declare she would starve herself to death, before she would eat the bread of unrighteousness any longer; and not one morsel of food would she take, though they locked her up, and tried to tempt her with her most favorite dishes. So Sir Massingberd, being at his wits' end, came over to the parson, and begged him to come and persuade the woman to be reasonable, and take some refreshment; and Mr. Long—he at first declined to interfere in such a matter at all, but presently thinking the poor creature might be really penitent, although it came about through a Methodee, and hoping to do her some good, although not in the way Sir Massingberd intended, he accompanied him to the Hall; and what do you think? Why, they found the poor woman was in such earnest, that she had cut off the whole of her beautiful black hair, and there it lay on the carpet, like so much rubbish. So the squire he swore that he didn't care now whether she starved or not, and turned her out of the house, as I said at first, in a whirlwind. She was very faint and weak; and Mr. Long, who would never exchange a syllable with her before, made Mrs. Myrtle give her a good meal, and gave her some good words himself, and sent her away to her friends—for it seems she had some friends, poor wretch; and this has made Sir Massingberd wilder than ever against the rector, whom he had already accused of aiding and abetting young Mr. Marmaduke in his running away; so that altogether the squire is ready to make an end of everybody."

This last statement, although a little highly colored, as Mrs. Arabel's descriptions usually were, was really not far from the truth. It did almost seem as if the baronet was so transported with passion as to be capable of any enormity. What the law permitted him to do in the way of oppression, that, of course, he practised to the uttermost; his morality, never very diffuse, had concentrated itself upon one position—the defence of the game and trespass laws. His keepers were exhorted to increased vigilance; the worst characters in the parish were constituted his spies. Every night, it was now the custom of their lord and master to go the rounds in his own preserves, and visit the outposts, to see that the sentinels did their duty. He employed no Warnings or Trespass Boards in Fairburn Park; his object was not to deter, but to catch the contemners of the sacred rights of property in the very act. The pursuit of his life had become man-hunting. I write that word without any reference to Marmaduke Heath, for, indeed, at that time I thought that Sir Massingberd had given up all hope of recovering possession of his nephew. A considerable period had now elapsed since the young man's convalescence, and yet the baronet had taken no steps to compel his return. He had written, indeed, to Marmaduke a letter of anything but a conciliatory character, and calculated to re-arouse the lad's most morbid fears; but Mr. Harvey Gerard had intercepted the dispatch, and returned it with an answer of his own composition. He had stated briefly the results of the late conference at the Dovecot respecting his young guest; he had reiterated his intention of bringing, in a court of justice, the gravest charges against the baronet, in case of any legal molestation from him; and he had finished with a personal recommendation to that gentleman to rest satisfied with the enjoyment of the allowance that was supposed to go to the maintenance of his nephew. Epistolary communication by hand was rendered impracticable, on the part of the baronet, by the removal of the Dovecot household to town.

This was a bitter blow to the lord of Fairburn; he knew so well the abject fear which he had inspired in my unhappy friend, that, notwithstanding all that had come and gone yet, he did not doubt that a few words in his own hand-writing would bring the truant back, however loath. We are living now in such quiet times, and under the protection of such equal laws, that I am aware my younger readers will have a difficulty in conceiving how one human being, however powerful, could be held in such terror by others. I was aware from the first, that the present universal security would give my narrative an air of improbability, and I fear that this must increase as it proceeds. I have only to say, that at the period of which I write, there was no poor man in Fairburn parish, however honest, however prudent, who might not have been lodged in jail at the instance of his squire, and would have found it difficult to clear himself; or who might not, on a hint from the same quarter, have been pressed, if he did but give the opportunity, on board a man-of-war. I am likewise certain that had Sir Massingberd ventured upon such a step, he might have recovered possession of his nephew, or at least withdrawn him from his protector, by the strong hand of the law, upon the ground of Mr. Gerard's professing revolutionary principles. In these days of Palmerston and Derby, of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, it is impossible for those who are not old enough to have witnessed it, to imagine the rancor of political parties half a century ago, or the despotism and flagrant injustice that were sanctioned under the convenient name of Order.

For the haughty baronet to be thus cut off from all intercourse with his victim, was to be foiled indeed. At first, he stung himself well-nigh to frenzy, like a scorpion within its circle of flame; but after a time the white heat of his wrath began apparently to abate. He seemed to have made up his mind to sit down quietly under his defeat, and to content himself with tyrannizing over those who were yet in his power. This comparatively peaceful state of things was looked upon by Mr. Long and myself at first with suspicion, but at last with real satisfaction. When Sir Massingberd sent over five pine-apples and some splendid grapes to the Rectory with his compliments (for the first time within twenty years), we shook our heads, and my tutor addressed the messenger of his bounty in these words: "Tell your master I am exceedingly obliged to him for his kindness. 'Timeo Danaos et donaferentes.'"

"Would you be so good as to write that down, sir?" said the man.

"You may give him the message without the tail," replied the rector, a little discomfited at his own indiscretion, but congratulating himself immensely that he had expressed his thoughts so classically.

But when pine-apples and grapes became common presents from the Hall, we began really to think that the stubborn old baronet had come to the conclusion that it was as pleasant to be on good terms with his neighbor as not, and that he was genuinely bent on reconciliation. A soft answer is said to be efficacious to this end, but it is nothing compared to hot-house dainties out of season; and notwithstanding all I knew, and all I suspected, I began to regard Sir Massingberd Heath, not indeed with less contempt and dislike, but with less positive loathing, and certainly with less fear. I had not set foot upon his property since Marmaduke's departure, and the baronet took occasion to stop me as I rode by his gate one day, and remonstrate upon the incivility of such a course of conduct.

"It can do me no damage, young gentleman, that you should take your pleasure in my park, more especially as you are not a sportsman, who would covet my hares and pheasants; and I cannot but think that your omission to do so is a proof of ill-feeling towards me, which I am not conscious of having deserved at your hands."

He spoke stiffly, and without condescension, as a man might speak to an equal, between himself and whom a misunderstanding existed unexplained, but capable of explanation, and, foolish boy as I was, I felt flattered by his behavior.

If the least notion of making myself out to be a hero had existed in my brain when I began to write these Recollections, it has been dissipated long ago. I have been quite as much surprised during this recital, as any of my readers have been, at the contemplation of my own meannesses; if I had known how many and how serious they were to be, perhaps I should have hesitated to recall them; but I commenced with as strong a determination, nothing to extenuate, with respect to myself, as to set nothing down in malice with respect to others; and thus I shall proceed to the end.

While, then, matters were on this less antagonistic footing, and when Marmaduke had been away about a year, business happened to take Mr. Long from Fairburn, and I was left a day and a night my own master. He had not been gone an hour, when Mrs. Myrtle came into the study, where I was employed at my books, with a letter in her hand; she looked quite pale and frightened as she said:

"Lor, Mr. Peter, if this note ain't from Sir Massingberd hisself to *you*. I feels all of a tremble, so as you might knock me down with a peacock's feather."

"Well," said I, forcing a laugh, "but I am not going to use any such weapon, Mrs. Myrtle. What on earth is there to be afraid of in the squire's handwriting? It can't bite."

But I felt in a cold perspiration nevertheless, and my fingers trembled as they undid the missive. It was a polite invitation to dine with the baronet that evening.

"You are not going, sir, I *do* hope!" exclaimed the housekeeper eagerly, as soon as I had acquainted her with the contents of the note. "Why, such a thing hasn't happened for this quarter of a century. He'll poison you, as sure as my name's Martha Myrtle. I never saw you and master eating his pine-apples without a shudder; the rector *was* uncommon ill after one of them, one day."

"Yes, Mrs. Myrtle," said I quietly, "and I have suffered also from the same cause myself; but I don't think the squire was to blame."

"But you ain't a-going, sir; I am sure as master wouldn't like it. Oh, pray say you ain't a going."

"Well, then, I won't go, Mrs. Myrtle. The fact is, I feel one of my colds coming on; they generally begin with a lump in my throat; so I shall write to excuse myself."

I really had a lump in my throat; my heart had jumped up and stopped there, at the mere notion of a *tete-a-tete* with Sir Massingberd, diversified—no, intensified—by the presence of Grimjaw. I wouldn't have gone through it for a thousand pounds; so I wrote to decline the honor upon the ground of indisposition. I was compelled to keep the house, I said, for the entire day. Half an hour afterwards another letter arrived from the Hall. Since Sir Massingberd might not enjoy the pleasure of my company at dinner, would I permit him to come over to the Rectory that morning, and have a few words of conversation with me upon a matter deeply interesting to both of us? There was no getting out of this. If I had gone to bed, on plea of illness, I felt even that course would have been no protection to me. Sir Massingberd would have forced a dying man to play with him at pitch-and-toss, if so inopportune a game had happened to take his fancy. On the other hand, Mrs. Myrtle's suggestion, that I should mount my horse and ride away after Mr. Long, was really too pusillanimous a proceeding; I therefore wrote back to the baronet a polite falsehood, to the effect that I should be very happy to see him; and in a very few minutes afterwards I was face to face with Marmaduke's foe.

He came in unushered—Mrs. Myrtle not being equal to such an occasion—filling the doorway with his gigantic form, and well-nigh touching the ceiling of the low-roofed room with his head.

"I am sorry to intrude upon an invalid," said he; "but what I had to say was of a private nature, and I was not sure of finding you alone at any other time."

I bowed, and begged my visitor to be seated.

"It is something," thought I, "that this man is civil at least." For there is this great advantage in being habitually insolent and overbearing, that when one does condescend to behave decently, people appreciate one's good manners very much.

"I have called upon you," continued the baronet, "with respect to my nephew and your friend, Marmaduke Heath. It is idle to deny that he and I have not been to one another what our mutual relationship should have led us to be. I am naturally a hard man; losses and poverty have doubtless rendered me more morose. Marmaduke, on the other hand, is of an over-sensitive and morbid nature. We did not get on together at all well. There were faults on both sides; it was six of one, and—"

I shook my head.

"Very well, then," resumed Sir Massingberd with candor, "let us say that it was I who was in the wrong. I have not the patience and gentleness requisite for dealing with a character like him; my temper is arbitrary; I have behaved with but little courtesy even to yourself. You are polite enough to contradict it, but nevertheless it is true. For *that*, however, reparation can be made. I wish that I could as easily make atonement in the other quarter. This, however, I feel is utterly impossible. Things have gone too far. I make no complaint of my nephew's having been encouraged in his rebellious course by one whose duty it was on the contrary, to reconcile us. I wish to say nothing that could only lead to a fruitless discussion, and perhaps a disagreement between you and me; that would be most impolitic in me, since I come here to solicit your good offices."

"Mine, Sir Massingberd?—mine?"

"Yes, I desire your kindly assistance in bringing about a better understanding between Marmaduke and myself."

"Sir," said I, "what you ask is a sheer impossibility. Marmaduke Heath may be wrong in his estimate of your character, but it will remain unchanged to his dying day. I am as certain of this as that yonder yellowing tree will presently lose its leaves."

"You speak frankly, Mr. Meredith," returned the baronet calmly, "and I do not respect you less upon that account. It is not, however, as a mediator that I need your assistance; I ask a much less favor than that; I simply wish you to enclose a letter from me to my nephew."

"Sir Massingberd Heath," said I, with some indignation, "you have done me the favor of calling upon me in my tutor's absence, in the expectation of finding me so weak as to be unable to refuse whatever you chose to ask, or so treacherous as to be willing to deceive those who are generously protecting my best friend from one whom he has every cause to fear. I am extremely obliged to you for the compliment;" and with that I laid my hand upon the bell.

"One moment," observed the baronet quietly, nay, with suavity, though the letter U upon his forehead deepened visibly, and the veins of his great hand, as it rested on the table, grew big with passion—"one moment before you ring. I am sorry you should have taken such a view of my conduct as you have described; you young men are somewhat hasty in the imputation of motive. I am a straightforward rough fellow, and may have displeased you, but I am not aware that I have done anything to justify you in accusing me of meanness and duplicity. Those persons who have charge of my nephew are, in my judgment, deeply culpable; but I do not wish you to act deceitfully towards them on that account. Matters have come to that pass, however, that I cannot even communicate with my nephew, even though I have that to say which would give him genuine pleasure. This Mr. Harvey Gerard"—his deep voice shook with hatred as he mentioned that name—"has taken upon himself to return my letters to Marmaduke unopened. I know not how to convey to him even such a one as this."

Sir Massingberd threw across to me a folded sheet, directed to his nephew, and motioned that I should open it. It ran as follows:—

"NEPHEW MARMADUKE—It seems that you are fully determined never again to seek the shelter of my roof; I am given to understand that the time for reconciliation has gone by, and that any attempt to effect it would only cause you annoyance, and

make the breach wider between us. If so, so be it, I am an old man now, and I wish my last years to be passed in peace. I wish to make no allusion to the character of the person with whom you have chosen to reside, further than to express a hope that when I am gone, and it will be your part to exercise the rights of a great land-owner, that you will not employ your influence to subvert the laws and the government. It is as much in those who possess authority to countenance revolution, as for a man seated on a lofty branch, to lop it off with his own hands. I do not say this as your uncle, but merely as one of an ancient race with whom we are both connected, and in whose welfare we should take an equal interest. Mr. Meredith is kind enough to enclose this parting word of advice—the last communication that will probably ever pass between us—from MASSINGBERD HEATH.

"*P. S.* Burn this when you have read it, lest your friend should get into trouble upon my account."

I read and reread this strange epistle with great care, before I made any comment upon it. There was nothing, to my mind, objectionable in any of the contents. I had been twice to Harley street during the summer, and found Marmaduke as morbidly apprehensive as ever of some course of conduct to be adopted by his uncle with reference to regaining the custody of his person; he was haunted still by the shadow of this terrible man. The words I held before me were certainly calculated to reassure him. No news could be more gratifying than this positive resignation of the baronet's claim to be his guardian, this final "good-bye" under Sir Massingberd's own hand. As for the political advice, I thought that very healthy. I was then, as now, a staunch conservative, and although I did not sympathize in the least with the harsh acts of the government in respect to poor misguided men, not without their wrongs, yet I did think Mr. Gerard's views both visionary and dangerous.

"I trust," observed Sir Massingberd gravely, "that the sentiments which you are now perusing are in accordance with your own. I am speaking, I believe, to a Gentleman, and consequently to a natural friend of Order."

I bowed in assent.

"There certainly seems nothing in this epistle which Marmaduke might not read," muttered I, musing.

"*Seems?*" cried the baronet. "Why not say *is* at once?"

A sudden idea, gleaned from some romance which I had been lately reading, flashed across my brain. Why did the postcript say, "Burn this when you have read it?" I let my hand with the letter in it drop below my knee, so that the missive was held close to the fire.

"There is no writing in lemon juice, I do assure you," observed Sir Massingberd, quietly; "you will only scorch the paper."

I colored at the exposure of my suspicions, and in my confusion it did not strike me that the speaker must himself have at least entertained such a project, or he never would have unmasked me so readily. I was a little ashamed of myself, and rather sorry for my incredulity. Sir Massingberd saw this, and pressed his point.

"Since there is nothing concealed, and no harm in what is visible, I do hope you will grant the favor I requested, and enclose that note to my nephew."

"Well, sir," said I, after a little hesitation, "I will enclose it. I give you warning, however, that I shall send a line by the same post to let Mr. Gerard know that I have done so."

"By all means," responded Sir Massingberd. "I am only anxious that my nephew's own eyes should read what I have written. Have you a taper and wax?" asked he, folding up the sheet. "I might as well stamp it with my seal."

I rose and brought what he required, from a writing-table. Sir Massingberd sealed the letter, and gave it into my hand.

"Mr. Meredith," said he, rising, "you have done me a great service. I think I have said that the oftener you make use of my grounds the better I shall be pleased. Did I add that the bowling-green is entirely at your service? I am too stiff in the back to have a game with you myself, but I will give directions to Gilmore to be your antagonist, whenever you may feel inclined."

The baronet took his leave in a stately but not unfriendly manner. He certainly was stiff in the back; but that was his nature. As he smiled, his lip turned upwards instead of the usual way; but so it always did. Yet I did not feel quite comfortable, as I stood by myself over the fire, balancing Sir Massingberd's "good-bye" to his nephew in my hand, and questioning within myself whether it wouldn't be better to enclose it to Mr. Harvey Gerard after all. However, in the end I kept my promise.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT OF MIND, OUT OF SIGHT.

Notwithstanding the baronet's polite invitation, and although Mr. Long did not return as expected upon the ensuing morning, I felt no inclination to exchange my solitude for the society of Mr. Gilmore at bowls. I was indeed rather curious to see the bowling green, which I had heard from my tutor was one of the very finest in England, fenced in by wondrous walls of yew; but to arrive there, it was necessary to pass close to the Hall, and, consequently, to run great risk of meeting Sir Massingberd, my repugnance to whom had returned with tenfold strength since the preceding day. My reason, it is true, could suggest no possible harm from my having enclosed his letter to Marmaduke, but still an indefinable dread of what I had done oppressed me; I could not imagine in what manner I could have been outwitted, but a certain malignant exultation in Sir Massingberd's face, when he was taking his leave, haunted my memory, and rendered hateful the idea of meeting it again. Moreover, the companionship of Gilmore, the butler, was not attractive. He bore a very bad character with the villagers, among whom he was said to emulate in a humble manner the vices of his lord and master; he had been his companion and confidential servant for a great number of years, and it was not to be wondered at, even supposing that he commenced that servitude as an honest man, that his principles should have been sapped by the communication.

Those who had known Richard Gilmore best and longest, however, averred that his nature had not been the least impaired by this companionship, inasmuch as it had been always as bad as bad could be. I never saw his pale secretive face, with the thin lips tightly closed, as if to prevent the escape of one truant word, without reflecting what a repository of dark and wicked deeds that keeper of Sir Massingberd's conscience needs must be. Such men usually hold such masters in their own hands; for they know too much about them, and it is that species of knowledge which above all others is power. But it was not so in this case; the antecedents of Gilmore's master were probably as evil as those of any person who has ever kept a valet, but there was this peculiarity about the baronet, that he cared little or nothing whether people knew them or not. When a thoroughly unprincipled man has arrived at the stage of being entirely indifferent to what his fellow-creatures think of him, he has touched his zenith; he is as much a hero to his *valet de chambre* as to anybody else. It was Gilmore's nature to be reticent, but, for all Sir Massingberd cared, he might have ascended the steps of the stone-cross at Crittenden upon market-day, and held forth upon the subject of his master's peccadillos. Sir Massingberd stood no more in fear of him than of any other man; otherwise, he would scarcely have used such frightful language to him as he did whenever the spirit-case had not been properly replenished, or he happened to mislay the key of his own cigar chest. It was no delicate tending that the lord of Fairburn Hall required; no accurate arrangement of evening garments ere he returned from shooting; or slippers placed in front of the fire. As he was attired in the morning, so he remained throughout the day, and if in the poaching season, throughout the night also. He never was ill, and only very rarely was he so overcome with liquor as to require any assistance in retiring. The putting Sir Massingberd to bed must have been a bad quarter of an hour for Mr. Gilmore. I have mentioned that when I paid my only visit to the Hall, the front-door bell was answered by the butler with very commendable swiftness, under the impression that it was his master; and, indeed, it was rumored that, on more than one occasion, the baronet had felled his faithful domestic like an ox, for dilatoriness. Wonder was sometimes expressed that Mr. Gilmore, who was supposed, as the phrase goes, to have feathered his nest very agreeably during his master's prosperous days, should cleave to him in his present poverty—the mere sentiment of attachment not being surely strong enough to retain his gratuitous services; but the reply commonly made to this was, I have no doubt, correct—namely, that however matters might seem, Mr. Richard Gilmore, we might be well assured, knew his own business best, and on which side his bread was buttered.

Sagacious, however, as this gentleman doubtless was, I did not fancy him as a companion to play bowls with; and instead of going in the direction of the bowling-green, I took my way to Fairburn Chase. I had not set foot within it for more than a year, and the season was much further advanced than when I had last been there. The stillness which pervaded it in summer-time was now broken by the flutter of the falling leaf and the plash of the chestnuts on the moist and sodden ground; the autumn rains had long set in, and there was that "drip, drip, drip" in the woods, which so mournfully reminds us that the summer with all its life and warmth has passed away; and the earth was sighing from beneath its load of tangled leaves, which "hanging so high; and hanging so high," but lately danced in the sunny air. The presentiment of evil which oversnadowed me was deepened by the melancholy of Nature. I moved slowly through the dripping fern towards the heronry; from the little island suddenly flew forth, not the stately birds who ordinarily reigned there, but a pair of ravens. I knew that such had taken up their residence in the old church tower, for I had seen them flying in and out of its narrow ivied window-slits; but their appearance in the present locality was most unexpected. I was far from being superstitious, but I would rather have seen any other birds just then. A few steps further brought me to that bend in the stream which had been such a favorite haunt of mine before I had dreamed there so unpleasantly. The lime-trees stood ragged and bare, and weeping silently, deprived of their summer bee-music; the sparkling sand, wherein I had seen the mysterious footprints, was dark and damp; a few steps further brought me to the stepping-stones, by which that unknown visitant must have crossed over, if she were indeed of mortal mould; the wood upon the other side was no longer impenetrable to sight; and through its skeleton arms, I could see some building of considerable size at no great distance. I knew where such of the keepers and gardeners as lived upon the estate resided, and it puzzled me to imagine to what purpose this cottage was assigned.

While I hesitated as to whether I should cross the turbid and swollent current, whose waters almost entirely covered the stepping-stones, a laugh prolonged and shrill burst forth from the very direction in which I was looking. It was the same mocking cry, never to be forgotten, which I had heard at that very spot some fifteen months before. Anywhere else, I should have recognized it; but in that place, it was impossible to doubt its identity. Knife-like, it clove the humid and unwilling air; and before the sound had ceased, a short sharp shriek succeeded it—the cry of a smitten human creature. In a moment, I had crossed the stream, and was forcing my way through the wood. As I drew nearer, I perceived the edifice before me was of stone, and with a slated roof, instead of being built with clay, and thatched, as were the rest of Sir Massingberd's cottages. There was no attempt at ornamentation, but the place was unusually substantial for its size, the door being studded with nails, while the window upon either side of it was protected by iron bars.

I was just emerging from the fringe of the wood, when another sound smote on my ear, which caused me to pause at once, and remain where the trunk of an elm-tree intervened between me and the cottage; it was merely the bark of a dog, but it checked my philanthropic enthusiasm upon the instant. There was no mistaking that wheezy note, telling of canine infirmity, and days prolonged far beyond the ordinary span of dogs. Besides, there was but one dog permitted to be at large in Fairburn Chase. It was the execrable Grimjaw. I could see him from my place of concealment turning his almost sightless eyes in my direction, as he sat at the cottage door. Immediately afterwards it opened, and out came Richard Gilmore; he looked about him suspiciously, but having convinced himself that there was nobody in the neighborhood, he administered a kick to Grimjaw's ribs, reproached him in strong language for having made a causeless disturbance, and turning the key, and pocketing it, walked away by a footpath that doubtless led, although by no means directly, to the Hall. He had a dog-whip in his hand when I first saw him, which I thought was an odd thing for a butler to carry, and he seemed to think so, too, for he put it in a side-pocket before he started, and buttoned it up. Grimjaw, gathering his stiffened limbs together, slowly followed him, not without turning his gray head ever an anon towards my covert, but without venturing again to express his suspicions. I waited until the charming pair were out of sight, ere I advanced to the cottage.

The door, of course, was fast; so, approaching the right-hand window, I cautiously looked in through its iron bars; there was no casement whatever, therefore all the objects which the room contained were as clear to me as though I were in it. I beheld a sitting room, the furniture of which was costly, and had been evidently intended for a much larger apartment, but which in variety was scanty enough. At a mahogany-table, which retained little more of polish than if it had just been sawn from its trunk in Honduras, sat an ancient female, with her back towards me, supporting her chin on both hands; a cold chicken in a metal dish was before her, but neither a plate, nor knife and fork; she was muttering something in a low tone to herself, which, if it was grace, must have been a very long one. Her hair was scanty, and white as snow, but hung down almost to the ground; she was miserably thin; and her clothes, although they had once been of rich material, were ragged and old.

I had made no noise, as I thought, in my approach; and the day was so dull and dark that she could scarcely have perceived my presence by any shadow of my eaves-dropping self; but no sooner had I set eyes on her than she began to speak, without looking round, imagining, doubtless, that I was Gilmore. "So you are there again, peeping and prying, are you, wicked thief," cried she. "Don't you know that a real lady should take her meals in peace without being interrupted, especially after she has been beaten? Think of that, you cur. Why, where's your whip?" She uttered these last words with a yell of scorn; and turning suddenly, with one arm raised as if to ward a blow, she met my unexpected face, and I saw hers. So remarkable was her appearance, that although it was she, not I who was taken by surprise, I think I was the more astounded of the two. Her countenance was that of an old woman, so wrinkled, or rather shrivelled up, that the furrows might have represented the passage of a century of time; yet the teeth were as white and regular as in a young beauty, and the black-beaded eyes had a force and fire in them unquenched by age. In her thin puckered ears hung a pair of monstrous gilded ornaments, and round her skinny neck was a necklace such as a stage-queen would wear; yet she had naked feet.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" observed she, with a grave distinctness, in strong contrast to her late excited and mocking tones. "If I had known that you were coming, young gentleman, I would have put on my bracelets. The family jewels are not all gone to the pawnbroker's, as is generally believed. Besides, you should never insult people because they are poor, or mad; one would not be either one or the other, you know, if one could help it."

"Heaven forbid, madam, that I should offer you any insult," said I, touched by the evident misfortune of this poor creature. "I merely ran hither because I heard the cry, as I thought, of some one in distress."

"Ah, that was the dog, sir," replied the old woman, cheerfully; "the butler was correcting his dog, and it howled a little. Of course it could not have been me—certainly not! Sir Massingberd is so excessively anxious that I should have everything that is good for me; he said that with his own lips. And what a handsome mouth he has, except when he looks at *you*."

"Why at me?" cried I. "He has no cause to dislike me, has he?"

"No cause!" cried the old woman, coming closer to the bars, and lowering her voice to a confidential whisper. "Oh no—not if you were dead. I never wished you worse than that myself; no, not when my poor baby died, and I could not weep. I feel that now; if I could only weep, as in the good old times with my husband. There was plenty of good weeping then—plenty."

"But why should you wish me dead, madam, who have never done you any harm?"

"No harm? What! not to have taken the title from my boy? No harm, when but for you, he would have been the heir to house and land! Why, look you, if it had not been for something, I would have driven Gilmore's knife into you that day when you were sleeping under the limes. That was the very place where I used to meet my love—let me see, how many years ago!"

The eager eyes for one instant ceased to glitter; some fragment of a memory of the past claimed the restless brain; then once more she rambled on.

"One, two, three, four—he never struck me more than four times; that's true, I swear."

"And what was the something that prevented you from killing me when I was asleep by the Heron's island?" inquired I.

"What was it?" replied the old woman, sadly. "Did you not cry 'Mother, mother,' in your sleep, to make me think of my boy? I wept at that last one tear. He might have been just such another as yourself—with the same— Why, what's the matter with your forehead? What have you done with your horse-shoe? Every Heath wears one of them; then why not you, young Marmaduke?"

"My name is not Heath," said I; "you are taking me for somebody else."

"Dear me—dear me, what a mistake! The fact is, that living in a house affects one's sight. Now, let me guess. If you are not Marmaduke Heath, you must be— What a dark skin you have, and what kind eyes!" She looked suspiciously round the room, and laying her finger on her lip, observed beneath her breath: "You are not Stanley Carew, are you? They told me he was hung, but I know better than that. I have seen him since a hundred times. To be hung for nothing must be a terrible thing, but how much worse to be hung for love."

"I am not Stanley Carew," said I; "I am Peter Meredith, who lives with Mr. Long at the Rectory."

"I never happen to have heard your name before, sir," replied the old woman mincingly; "perhaps you have never heard mine. Permit me to introduce myself. Don't suppose that our people don't know good-manners. I am Sinnamenta—Lady Heath."

"Madam," said I, deeply moved, "I apprehended as much. If I can do you any service, be sure that the will shall not be wanting. Pray, tell me what shall I do?"

"Well," returned the poor creature, quickly, "Marmaduke Heath should be killed at once—that is all-important. We have been thinking of nothing else, my husband and I. But perhaps you have done it already." (How I shrank from that random shaft.) "If so, I have no further desire except to get out. If I could only be once more in the greenwood, my hair would resume its natural color. That is why Mr. Gilmore is so careful to keep me thus locked up. If my husband only saw me with my black hair again—it reached to the ground, sir—matters would be very different. I think I have already observed that it is not customary to watch a lady while she is partaking of refreshment."

With that, she once more seated herself at the table, with her back to me; and judging thereby that my presence was distasteful to her, and having no notion of how I could possibly give her any aid, I withdrew from the sad scene. I had not, however, gone many steps, when she called me back again through the iron bars.

"Mr. Meredith," said she, "you arrived somewhat unexpectedly. It is to that circumstance alone, I beg to repeat, that you must attribute the absence of bracelets. My very best regards to all your family. Sinnamenta, you know—Lady Heath."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LION'S ROAR.

The following is from Jules Gerard—but six to nine miles is a good way to hear a roar:—

"The very roar of the lion in its wild state—which is music which the most fastidious would deem worthy of listening to—is truly magnificent. His first note, when he commences to roar, is a low sound emitting from his chest and nostrils, but is audible from a great distance. This is a species of prelude, and immediately afterward it is repeated; but this time more loud and protracted, the jaws of the animal being still closed, or the mouth but slightly opened. The third and fourth outbursts are given to the air through the fully extended jaws, and with the full force of the lungs. To listen to this roar is terrible for those who happen to be crossing the monarch's path or to be marching through the lonely forest. At length, after two or three more utterances of the kind, the animal ends as he commenced, with less vigorous notes. The distance to which I have been able to trace the progress of the lion by his roar, when there have been no contrary winds and no mountains or other objects to interrupt the sound, is two or three leagues; but when he roars about a league off, one who is not accustomed to the sound would believe him to be close at hand."

MR. EVERETT AS A MEMORIZER.

The correspondent of the *Gazette*, writing in regard to the Gettysburg dedication, Nov. 19th, thus alludes to Mr. Everett's oration:—"Not only had he prepared his oration with the greatest care, under a full sense of its importance as a historical document of universal and perpetual interest in this country, but had committed the two hours' production to memory, and delivered it without the manuscript or a prompter. In no portion of it did he seem to hesitate, so thoroughly was it memorized. It is worth remarking, however, that in pronouncing the portion devoted to an account of the battle, his mind seemed slightly to wander, and his delivery to appear mechanical. For example, he used the name General Lee when it should have been General Meade, which so startled the President from his intense attention, that he looked up, turned to Secretary Seward, and quite audibly made the correction. The orator, however, neither heard the President nor noticed it himself. After a few minutes the same mistake was made, which called out from Mr. Lincoln a still louder correction, which the orator heard, and turning round, bowed very low, acknowledging the error and apologizing for it."

☞ A terrible tragedy has occurred in Jefferson county, Ky. Two friends, Heybeck and Frank, had been strolling through the garden of the former, who cut some vine slips for the other. They then went into the parlor. The first intimation the family had of anything unusual was the spectacle of Heybeck fleeing from the house bleeding. Frank, with a huge bowie knife, being in pursuit. Frank overtook the other, stabbed him thrice in the throat, killing him on the spot, and then cut his own throat so fearfully that he instantly died. The cause of the quarrel is not known, and never, perhaps, will be.

☞ A New Zealand physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people about their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told "the circulation of the blood," replied that she should certainly attend for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time."

☞ A woman has been arrested at Woolwich, England, for marrying five husbands. When informed of the many proofs of her delinquencies, she replied, "That when she had done her bit of imprisonment she had no fear of not getting another husband or two to comfort her."

☞ Prof. Tigri, of Sienna, Italy, has addressed a paper to the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, wherein he declares that he has again found on the bodies of persons who had died of typhoid fever, infusoria of the genus Bacterium.

☞ The O'Connell National Monument Committee have for two years been appealing for subscriptions—they now say, "up to the present time the funds at their disposal are miserably insufficient."

☞ "Why is it, Senator, after we have had so many weeks of fair weather, that you have brought your umbrella to the Capitol?" asked a gentleman recently of Ben Wade. "Because," was the reply, "they say that the Army of the Potomac is in motion, and of course it will storm within twelve hours."

☞ Is it a libel to call a baker's apprentice a kneady loafer?

A PRETTY FACE.

There is some truth in the following, but it is a one-sided view:—

"A pretty face is a pleasant thing to look at and to think about; but to nine-tenths of women now-a-days a great snare and incumbrance, as well as a sure cause of temptation. I don't know that one is wishing one's children to be supremely blessed in wishing them to be very beautiful. Don't wish 'em to be ugly, that is, repulsive; but do not desire them to be more than ordinarily beautiful. If they are, it is just possible that they may catch a great fortune and a true heart by means thereof, and win a title and all but perfect earthly bliss at the same time. But the odds are, I imagine, that they will be snapped up for the sake of their faces, and hurried into marriage with a scamp with or without a coronet or a fortune. If you don't care for their life, so that they marry well—and a vast proportion of our modern mothers think that to secure a carriage, and a couple of servants to open the doors thereof for their daughters, is to have succeeded in life—then, of course, you will say that a pretty face is not a bad thing. A beautiful countenance in the middle classes is only a nest in which to hatch pride, and supercilliousness, and bad temper. When did you ever know a girl who was remarkable for her beauty, and constantly told of it, who was bearable? Why, in spite of her lovely eyes and her marvellous complexion, her plainer sisters, who have to put up with her mighty airs, are far more lovable than she is. When a woman is a 'beauty,' she appears to imagine that everybody must be burning to make love to her; that all the young men are eating their hearts for her sweet sake, and afraid to speak. She sits like a queen, and puts on great airs, and curls her pretty lips in unbeautiful scorn when honest fellows, like myself, come up and try to discover what she is made of. She can play the piano a little, of course; it shows off her hands; she is passionately fond of dancing—why not?—it displays her figure, and gives her an opportunity of delicately flashing and voluptuously panting, thereby enslaving her admirers; but for her mind, she has, ten to one, allowed it to lie fallow. 'Mind,' indeed; her lip would curl at the idea. What does she want with a mind? Has she not a—complexion? Young Strawlegs had declared her 'the loveliest being in creation,' and what is the use of a mind to her? Before she grew up, when she romped about with her plainer sisters, she was lovable and unaffected, and sparkling and merry. Now that that abominable beauty of hers has burst into such perfection that Strawlegs and Duffy, and Dunderhead and Donought, and Twaddle, and all the rest of them, have flocked about her and bowed as to an idol, and her mamma has trotted her out before the rich bachelor rector, and the unmarried baronet and merchant prince from Manchester, and told her that she must mind what she does, for she is so much run after—now she is simply odious. She isn't sparkling, because she believes it is vulgar to be lively; she is bad-tempered, because everybody spoils her; she is haughty and supercilious, because all her circle is on its knees before her complexion. She is not fit to talk to, because she doesn't care for mind. Ten to one she will throw cold water on the love of a young fellow who dotes upon her in spite of her faults, and marries a scamp whose affection is only skin-deep. She will find out that beauty wasn't such a very desirable dower after all when her 'establishment' fails to make her happy, and she sees her more commonplace sisters blest in little centres of conjugal bliss upon which she, from her chill eminence, looks as she grows old with a keen envy. That is what a beautiful face often does in the middle classes. We all know what evils, and temptations, and sorrows, and despair, it causes too often in the lower ranks of life—what fearful traps does a beautiful face set for the dressmaker or the ballet girl."

THERE was an old man who said, how
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on the stile,
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of the cow!

☞ An unpleasant development was made in Cincinnati the other day concerning Catawba brandy. Responsible vintners declared that the pure article would cost from five to eight dollars a gallon, adding that there was no genuine article of the kind in the market—the quality generally sold consisting of pomace, whiskey, and fusc oil.

☞ AN INTERESTING RELIC.—Among the articles sent to the Metropolitan Fair, New York, from Washington's headquarters at Newberg, is a sheet of parchment with one of the stamps of ante-revolutionary memory attached—a relic of the stamp act of 1765.

☞ People, says the Lewiston Journal, are getting into the habit of using syrups as a substitute for butter. It is found easier to contract such a habit than to form the habit of paying fifty cents a pound for butter.

☞ The St. John papers are mourning over the great numbers of young men who are coming to the States this spring. The high bounties in our army and the high prices of labor attract them.

☞ A gentleman can probably marry any lady of his acquaintance—*if he pleases.*

A Menagerie of Indian Fanatics.

At Makloba, the village to which I am now conducting the reader, there is a permanent ecclesiastical menagerie, containing lions, bears, jackals, camels, hyenas, &c., and the animal we met on the road belonged to this menagerie. Here those who are in search for the connecting link between man and the brute creation can find specimens to their heart's content. Those philosophers need no longer confine themselves to the hideous and disgusting monkey species for the solution of their theory, for at the menagerie of Makloba they can, without any hesitation, readily recognize animals after their own kind in the dog and in the cat, in the bear and in the boar also. For this extraordinary contribution to science we are indebted to the illustrious Aisa, the founder of the famous African Moslem sect which goes by his name. Every member admitted into this society assumes the character of some animal, and that animal he imitates and acts at the regular meetings of this religious body. The frenzy, ferocity and madness exhibited on these occasions are terrific; but what is surprising is, that every animal at the assembly feeds, and that exclusively upon the kind of food for which it is most remarkable. The leopard and the lion devour raw meat; the camels eat the leaves of the cactus, regardless of its projecting thorns; and the ostrich swallows pieces of iron and coin! I have never been present at these horrid banquets, but I only repeat what is universally believed among all Moslems, and what a certain Baron de Kroft, whom I saw in Africa, and who was a member of the Aissaweah fraternity, assured me was perfectly true. All the snake-charmers belong to this sect, and in all their extraordinary exhibitions, before they even attempt to touch a serpent, they invariably invoke the aid and protection of their founder, "Lord Aisa."—*Ruined Cities within Numidian and Carthagenian Territories, by N. Davis.*

Crossing Ditches.—For the purpose of crossing the ditches of fortifications, the Russians have invented a very rapid method. They construct a bridge of the proper length, and of rather light yet strong materials; this they place on a large two-wheeled cart, the shafts of which are in rear, and firmly fastened to the under-part of the bridge. At a given signal, a number of men rush towards the ditch, pushing before them the bridge and cart. Upon reaching the ditch, the cart is pitched into it, and the speed sends it nearly midway into the ditch. There being a slight preponderance of weight at the rear-part of the bridge, the fore-part remains elevated, and thus the shafts assume a nearly upright position, whilst the bridge itself is pushed across the ditch; thus the shafts act as supports in the centre, and the cart-wheels serve as the carriage on which the bridge is run along. Some half-dozen of these rapidly pushed forward at the same time would almost enable the besiegers to carry a place by assault.

The Type-Setting Machine Company had a hearing before the Committee on Manufactures, upon their petition to be allowed to commence business immediately. Several prominent gentlemen in the printing interest testified to the value of the invention and the necessity of pushing it forward promptly. Our readers have been kept informed of the progress of the enterprize from time to time since Mr. Felt has brought his invention to Boston, some five years ago, and all will rejoice to know that the task has been finally accomplished by the "justification" of type "more perfectly and uniformly even than by the ordinary hand process," as testified by a practical printer, who has recently witnessed the operation.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Infant Prince.—The London Herald gives the following particulars of the late christening:—

But the principal personage of the day did not like his position at all—this was evident. He gave proof of the possession of an excellent pair of lungs. Blandishments he would not. Coaxing he despised. The cunning of the nurses was derided by the baby's lusty cries; and even her majesty herself was fain to give up the task of pacification. Baby would protest as long as he could against the proceedings. So the good Archbishop was compelled to raise his always ringing voice, and then conquer the shouting of the recalcitrant scion of royalty, whose perseverance in making himself heard caused not a little amusement—and may we not add, some embarrassment to his august relatives.

So it was all the world over. Babies will be babies in royal palaces as well as in suburban villas and country cottages. They have all a lofty sense of their own position, and a decided inclination to assert it.

A Great Comet Predicted.—The following, says an English paper, is an extract of a letter just received from Melbourne:—"Professor Newmeger, on a three years' scientific visit from Bavaria, tells us that in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to endanger this our earth; and should it not attach itself (as one globule of quicksilver to another) nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to behold. During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train."

☞ "Sweethearts at a distance will please accept this intimation," was appended to a recent marriage announcement in England, instead of the conventional "no cards."

It appears that personalities have been pretty freely bandied in the New Brunswick Legislature. The other day one of the members denounced another as "ignorant and impudent," and charged him with having "fed on potatoes the most of his life." One of the local papers is very indignant at this depreciation of what it calls a "valuable esculent," and thinks the difficulty of getting these nourishing tubers greater than the disgrace of eating them.

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CURE FOR THE MISERABLES.
RENOVATING RESOLVENT
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CURES
ALL SKIN DISEASES,

Fever Sores, Ulcers, Sore Heads, Sore Legs, Scrofula, Syphilis, Nodes, Glandular Swellings. One to six bottles of this marvellous remedy will cure the most horrible case. If you would enjoy life, take this medicine, it will cure you. If you have taken six bottles of any Sarsaparilla and are still uncured, discontinue its use. If six bottles fail to cure you try something else. Radway's Renovating Resolvent is warranted to cure the worst disease by the use of six bottles. Price $1,00.

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Messrs. Perry Davis & Son,—
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Yours, &c., Rev. W. B. JACOBS,
Late Editor of Christian Chronicle.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour has been more active; sales comprise about 14,000 bbls, in lots mostly extra family, at $6,75 @7,50 for low grade to good and choice Pennsylvania and Western, including high grade do at $7,75@8,25; fancy western at $8,50@9,25; and superfine at $5,75@6,25. Rye Flour is scarce, at $6,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales of 40,000 bushels Wheat, mostly Western and Pennsylvania reds, at $1,65@1,75 for common to prime, including white at $1,80@1,96. Rye is selling at $1,30@1,35. Corn—sales of some 35,000 bushels, mostly yellow, at $1,31@1,33, and white at $1,15@1,18. Oats—sales of Pennsylvania are reported at 87@90c. Barley and Malt remain quiet, with sales of the latter at $1,68@1,70.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product generally is on the advance. Sales of Mess Pork are reported at $33½@34½, now held higher, including one year old at $33½ ℔ bbl. Prime is scarce. Of Beef prices are firm at 12@17c for country and city Mess, and $31½@35 ℔ bbl for Beef Hams. Of Bacon the sales are large at 15@17½c for plain and fancy Hams; 11@11½c for Shoulders, and 12@12½c for Sides. Green Meats continue active, with large sales of pickled Hams at 14@15c; Sides, in salt, at 11½@11¾c, and Shoulders at 10@11c. Lard is better and active at 14@14½c for prime tce, and 16½c for kegs. Butter continues scarce and high, and prime packed and roll command 45@50c. Cheese is firmly held at 15@20, as to quality. Eggs are selling at 23c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales reach some 450 bales, at from 50 to 77c for low to middling and good middling quality.

BARK—Quercitron meets with a good demand; sales 130 hhds 1st No 1 at $37 ℔ ton. Of Tanners' Bark we hear of no sales.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is quoted at 54c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market continues excited and on the advance; cargo prices at Richmond range at from $6,75 to $7,50 ℔ ton, on board.

COFFEE—Sales 2500 bags, at 39@43½c for Rio, 39@42c for Laguayra, and 35½@37c for St. Domingo.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high; sales of good Western at 68@70c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit is scarce, and dried Apples and Peaches in request. We quote the former at 10@10½c and the latter at 19@20c for unpared halves, with large sales at 19c ℔ lb.

HAY is in steady demand at $26@28 ℔ ton.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business to note at 25@30c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is buoyant and very active, the sales are limited to small lots Forge and Foundry Iron at $53@55 ℔ ton, cash. Scotch Pig is scarce and wanted at $53 @54 ℔ ton. Of Bloome and Boiler Plates we hear of no sales to alter quotations. For Manufactured Iron the demand is very large.

LUMBER—White Pine Boards range at $32 @34; Yellow Sap do $24@27, with sales of extra quality at the latter figure. No change in Shingles or Laths.

MOLASSES—Sales of about 900 hhds are reported at 70@78c for Cuba, and 400 bbls New Orleans at 57@60c, on time.

PLASTER—Sales are reported at $6 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There is not much Cloverseed offering or selling, some 1800 bus found buyers at $7,25@8, the latter for choice recleaned Seed. Timothy, about 2500 bus have been taken at $2,50 ℔ bus. Flaxseed; sales of 1800 bus are reported at $3 30@3,35 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is better and held at $1,30@1,35. Of Whiskey, sales of 1500 bbls are reported at $1,09@1,13 for Penna and Western, and $1,03@1,10 for Drudge.

SUGARS—Sales reach about 1300 hhds, in lots, mostly Cuba, at 15¾@16¼c, and New Orleans at 15¾@17¾c, on time.

TALLOW has advanced, and city rendered has been taken freely at 12¾@12¾c.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL—There is a better feeling in the market; some 500,000 lbs having been disposed of at from 65 to 70c for common, including very low grade at 55@60c; medium to fine fleece at 70 to 78c, and tub at 75 to 85c, the latter for choice lots.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized from $12 to 15 ℔ 100 lbs. 125 Cows brought from $50 to 85 ℔ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from 8¼ to 9¼ cents ℔ lb. 2100 Hogs at from $10 to 12 ℔ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 98 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
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Brown's Bronchial Troches, for Coughs, Colds, and Irritated Throats are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. *As there are imitations, be sure to* obtain *the genuine.*

Coughs, Colds, Consumption.
Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.
Although many years have elapsed since this discovery was made known to the world, its great virtue has never yet been equalled. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. ap 2-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. John M. Guion, George A. Guion, to Anna Mary, only daughter of John Hertzler, Esq., both of this city.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. D. Gaston, Mr. Archibald Holmes, to Miss Nancy Wiley, both of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Lamb, of this city, to Miss Ann R. Smyth, of Baltimore.

On the 28th of March, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, James Freed, Capt. Co. I, 103d regt. P. V., to Clementina, daughter of F. Huckel, Esq., both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, D. D., James B. Newton, to Louisa H., daughter of A. Selsor, Esq., all of Germantown.

On the 28th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. John M. Fries, to Miss Isabel Levan, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, Emmet A. Van Stickel, in his 37th year.

On the 5th instant, Hetty E., wife of Joseph Burr, in her 49th year.

On 3d-day, 4th instant, Sarah Climer, aged 68 years.

On the 4th instant, Mary Wonderly, in her 65th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. Richard Mathews, in his 87th year.

On the 3d instant, William Holmes, aged 35 years.

On the 2d instant, William Morris, in his 72d year.

On the 2d instant, Thomas Alsop, aged 67 years.

On the 1st instant, John Chapman, aged 52 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. Mary Bell, in her 46th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. Charles Anderson, in his 51st year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 400 ARCH ST., Have ordered this season, for their best custom,
Richest Silks imported;
Shawls of exclusive styles;
Dress Goods, Paris styles;
Spring Mantles, Cloth and Silk.
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TO POST-OFFICE CLERKS AND OTHERS.—A young lady, who is making a collection of Foreign Postage Stamps, would like to correspond with some young gentleman who is connected with the Post-Office Department, or a clerk in a mercantile house having a large foreign correspondence, who can and will assist her. Any person so inclined will please address Miss LUCY EMMONS, Eastport, Maine. ap9 2t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.
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The facilities of this house for doing business are such that they can confidently claim for it the leading position among the Tailoring Establishments of Philadelphia. They, therefore, invite the attention of gentlemen of taste to their superb stock of READY-MADE CLOTHING, cut by the best artists, trimmed and made equal to Customer Work—AND AT
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Wholesale Druggists, Philadelphia.

Washington, Oct. 16th, 1862.
Wm. Ralston,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
Assistant Veterary Surgeon for the United States Government.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers. Price 25 cents per package.
Agents—D. S. BARNES & Co.,
202 Broadway, New York.
DYOTT & Co.,
jan16-6m 232 N. 2d St., Philadelphia.

☞ Save Your Life. ☜
Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Kidney Complaint, *Sick and Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Gravel, Tetter, Barber's Itch and Baldness.* A Treatise on the above Diseases with their *speedy and permanent cure*, sent *free* to any address. Address S. C. UPHAM, No. 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. ap16-6t

DEAFNESS, EYE AND EAR, THROAT DISEASES, CATARRH.—The above maladies treated with the utmost success by
DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,
Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
Office, 1027 Walnut Steet, Philadelphia,
where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oc31-6m

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
DOCTOR C. M. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
IS NOT A
BAR ROOM DRINK,
OR A
SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT,
A PURE TONIC,
Free from Alcoholic Stimulant
OR
INJURIOUS DRUGS,
AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT,
DYSPEPSIA,
and JAUNDICE.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Will Cure Every Case of
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.
OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE,
STRONG NERVES,
HEALTHY NERVES,
STEADY NERVES,
BRISK FEELINGS,
ENERGETIC FEELINGS,
HEALTHY FEELINGS.
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A STRONG CONSTITUTION,
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.
WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.
PARTICULAR NOTICE.
There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.
This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.
For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.
DELICATE CHILDREN,
Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.
DEBILITY,
Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.
FEVER AND AGUE.
The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.
FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.
Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not (satisfy to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.
I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.
ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS
We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed, that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.
The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.
PRICES.
Large Size, $1,00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5,00.
Medium Size, 75 do. or Half Dozen $4,00.
The Large Size, on account of the quantity the Bottles hold, are much the cheaper.
Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, PHILADA. Pa.
JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. Jackson & Co.)
Proprietors
☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap13-eowly

Wit and Humor.

A STREET SCENE.

Passing down Washington street, Boston, on one of the pleasant spring like days of last week, when the ladies—bless their bright eyes!—were as thick as flies in August, and as gay as a flower garden in June, I remarked a very elegantly-apparrelled ady just in advance of me. A perfect "love of a bonnet" crowned her apex, a qu lted and bugled silk cape hung gracefully rom her sloping shoulders, while her brown silk dress, richly trimmed with black velvet, trailed a full half yard behind her as, with a queenly step, she moved along. As I was contemplating this divine creation, I heard a tremendous stamping just in my rear, and fearing that an elephant in boots was about to put his foot on me, I turned my head to see what chance of escape might present itself. The cause of my perturbation, however, was simply a "six-feet four" countryman, the length and breadth of whose understandings required enormous coverings—number fourteen at least. Hastily stepping off the sidewalk, I let the gentleman from the interior pass, and the next moment was engaged in admiring his vast proportions. Just as my eye—having passed over the entire length of his body and legs—rested on these leather trunks, I saw one of them placed fairly upon the brown silk trail which had a few moments previous attracted my attention. Of course the lady's power of pedality was instantly checked, and the countryman, whose eyes were fixed upon the "pooties" in the shop windows, unaware of the offence he had committed, made another step, which brought the lady back into his arms.

"Gerusalem! how kim yeou here?" exclaimed verdant, looking down on her, and utterly unable to account for such a situation of affairs. "Be yeou one of them gals we read 'baout in the Bosting papers?"

"You great fool!" exclaimed the lady, her eyes flashing with extreme indignation; "get off my dress?"

"Oh! that's it," quietly remarked verdant, while a happy look beamed in his freckled face, expressive of the emotions he experienced at embracing such a fine-dressed female.

After some little delay he managed to release the lady from the weighty impediments to her locomotion, when she turned around to him and said, angrily:

"You had better keep your feet on the sidewalk, sir, after this!"

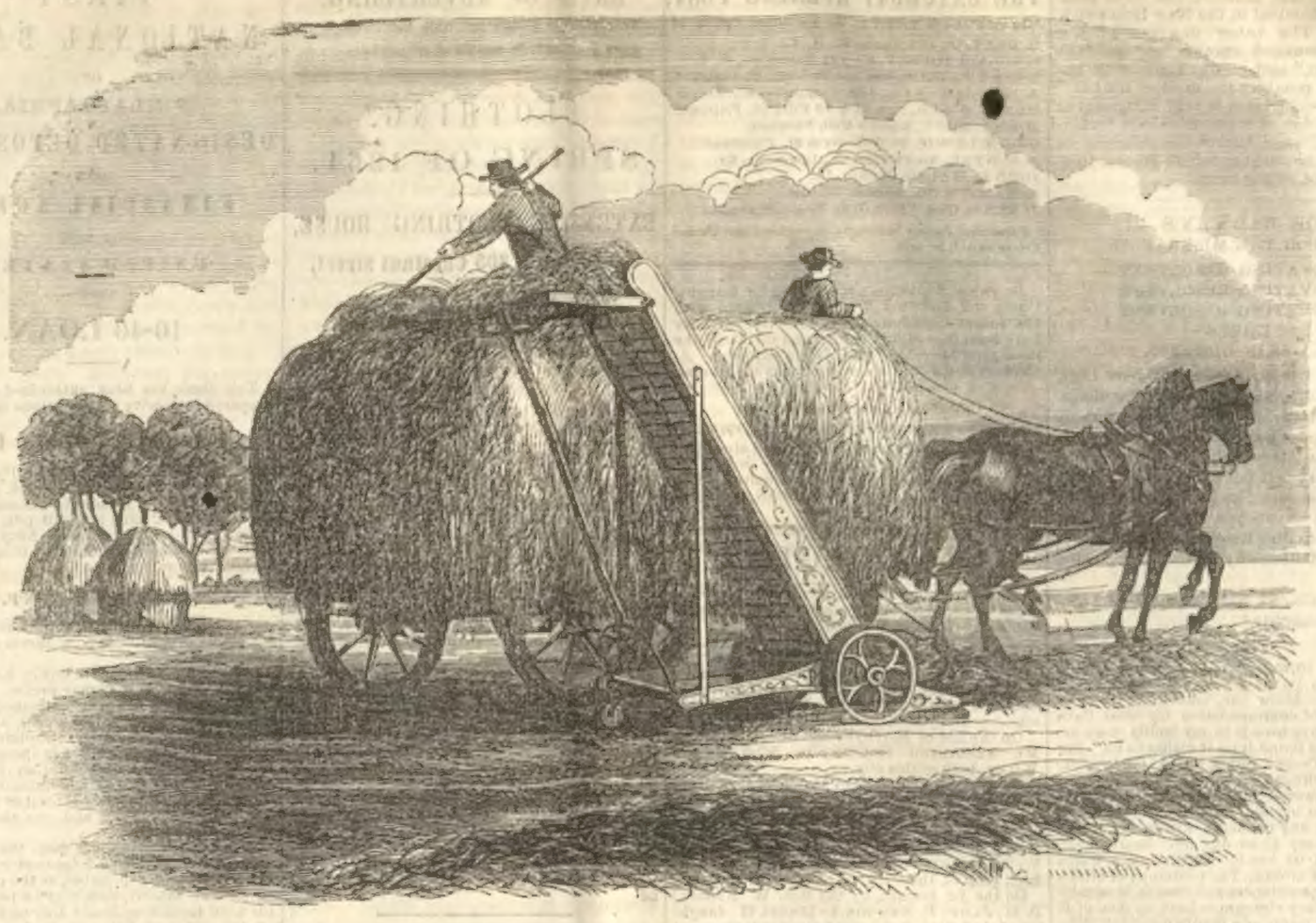
"Sorry, marm," said the countryman, with a good-natured look on his face "that I trod on yer gown; but yeou see, my feet are so tarnal big, and your switcher is so thunderin' long, there aint room 'nough on this 'ere sidewalk for both on 'em!"

A crowd of both sexes, had gathered in the vicinity of the pair, curious to know the occasion of the loud talk. When the countryman's apology was uttered, the gentleman moved away with a quiet smile, while the ladies snickered behind their handkerchiefs, and saved their merriment over the scene until they reached home.—*American Union.*

How He Got the Apple.—When the Hon. William ——, now M. C., was a boy at school, his bench was shared by an urchin named Muggs. The teacher had instituted a rule that any scholar seen eating during school-hours should come on to the floor and finish eating what he had begun, to the merriment of his fellow-pupils. One day Bill brought a fine large apple from home, and laid it on his desk; and so tempting was the fruit to Muggs that, in consideration of his best slate-pencil, Bill promised him a "taste" when he should eat it at recess. Not many minutes after this Bill's attention was called another way, and Muggs, watching the opportunity, took the apple and purposely commenced munching it, directly before the eyes of the teacher. "The young man who is eatingan apple come on to the floor and finish it," said the teacher. Muggs obeyed with well-feigned reluctance, blinking at Bill under the arm that shaded his roguish eyes, while Bill shook his fist and vowed vengeance the very first recess.

Something To Be Thankful For.—The hat was passed around in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who, by the-way, had exchanged pulpits with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny n it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then raising his eyes toward the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation."

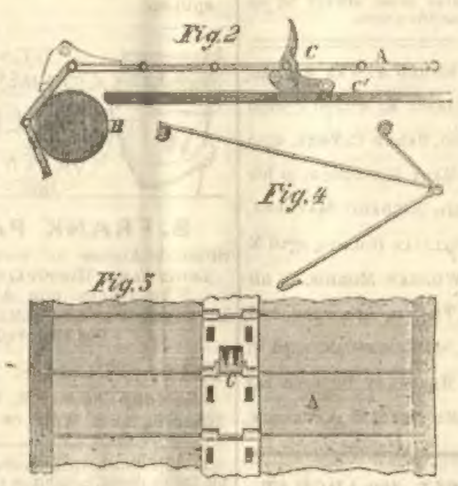
A Stupid Crater.—The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding, exclaimed—"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead!" "So he is, ma'am; but *the crater's not sensible of it!*"



BENTLEY'S HAY-LOADING MACHINE.

The labor of loading hay in the field is very fatiguing on a hot summer's day, and on large farms, where heavy crops are grown, the labor is very severe. It is desirable that this work should be done by machinery, not only to exempt the farmer from hard work, but to facilitate the operation, and thus greatly lessen the cost of production. By the use of the self-loading arrangement herewith illustrated the farmer or his assistants can ride from one end of the field to the other, as the machine is operated by the progress of the team. One man trims the load on top as it is delivered so as to preserve the balance, and the only other assistance required is that of the driver to control the horses.

This machine will be easily understood by referring to the engraving. The elevating apparatus consists of an endless apron A, running over two rollers at the top and bottom of the machine; one of these rollers can be seen at B', in Fig. 2. At regular intervals there are self-adjusting forks, C, fastened to the endless apron as shown in Figs. 2 and 3; these run on ways, C', beneath. The apron receives motion from the rollers, and the rollers themselves are driven by the gears, D, one of which is on the axle of the pair of wheels the machine runs on, and the other upon the roller axle; thus as the team or wagon advances, the loading apparatus being connected with it by the arrangement



shown in Fig. 4, the apron revolves, and the forks, coming in contact with the hay, carry it up to the top where it is discharged into the wagon beneath. There is a platform above, on which the workman stands, this can be folded up out of the way when the machine is not in use. The forks before-mentioned fold down, as shown in Fig. 2, in passing over the top roller, so that they do not catch in the hay at all; were it not for this the hay would be drawn over and scattered on the ground, thus defeating the object. As the machine advances the hay is lifted first by the chute end of the elevator and carried to the forks on the apron, and by these latter the hay is elevated to the top of the machine in the manner alluded to. By the arrangement in Fig. 4, the machine is drawn along with the wagon at a regular speed, and the other parts enabled to perform their functions in the proper manner; it can be detached in a moment if required. In addition to the self-loading arrangement the machine also rakes after the wagon, the rake being so adjusted that the teeth do not catch in the ground. This is accomplished by having a spring in connection with the castor wheel behind. This machine is very highly spoken of, and is claimed to be a great improvement on the slow and laborious plan of loading hay by hand. It can also be used to unload the wagon in the barn, and for elevating straw or fodder to the scaffolds or mow above.

This machine was patented by Wm. H. Bentley, of Westford, N. Y., through the Scientific American Patent Agency, on the 17th of November, 1863. State rights to manufacture are for sale; for further information address the inventor as above.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

In all associations, keep constantly in view the adage; "too much freedom breeds contempt."

Never be guilty of practical jokes; if you accustom yourself to them, it is probable you will become so habituated as to commit them upon persons who will not allow of such liberties: I have known a duel to arise from a slap on the back.

If there be another chair in the room, do not offer a lady that from which you have just risen.

Always suspect the advances of any person who may wish for your acquaintance, and who has had no introduction; circumstances may qualify this remark, but as a general principle, acquaintances made in a public room or place of amusement are not desirable.

Never converse while a person is singing; it is an insult not only to the singer, but to the company.

The essential part of good breeding is the practical desire to afford pleasure, and to avoid giving pain. Any man possessing this desire requires only opportunity and observation to make him a gentleman.

If, in public promenade, you pass and repass persons of your acquaintance, it is only necessary to salute them on the first occasion.

Do not affect singularity of dress by wearing anything that is so conspicuous as to demand attention and particularly avoid what I believe I must call the ruffian style.

Never lose your temper at games, and particularly avoid the exhibition of anxiety or vexation at want of success. If you are playing whist, not only keep your temper, but hold your tongue; any intimation to your partner is decidedly ungentlemanly.

Let presents to a lady be characterized by taste—not remarkable for intrinsic value.

Except under very decided circumstances, it is both ungentlemanly and dangerous to cut a person; if you wish to rid yourself of any one's society, a cold bow in the street, and particular ceremony in the circles of your mutual acquaintance, is the best mode of conduct to adopt.

Never introduce your own affairs for the amusement of a company; it shows a sad want of mental cultivation, or excessive weakness of intellect; recollect, also, that such a discussion cannot be interesting to others, and that the probability is that the most patient listener is a complete gossip, laying the foundation for some tale to make you appear ridiculous.

The Word Cockney.—In the reign of Edward III., a knight held some land at Cukeney, in Nottinghamshire, free of rent during the reign of the king, on condition of his shoeing the king's palfrey or saddle-horse on each foot, with the king's nails and materials; but if he lamed it he was to give the king another, worth four marks. The Knight of Cukeney attended at the king's stables to perform his duty, when one of the monarch's farriers offered to instruct him how to do it: but in order to save his purse he declined the offer; consequently, by his ignorance he lamed the horse. This was repeated until he had more marks to pay than the value of the land, by which act of folly the word Cukeney became proverbial, even at court, and every stupid, untutored citizen was called a Cuckney Knight, which was changed to Cockney.

Dangerous Properties of Zinc.—A French journal says:—"A large proportion of the public may not be aware that the use of zinc vessels for domestic purposes is extremely dangerous. Vinegar, cider, wine, and in fact all acids which have remained in zinc, become poisons more or less violent; this is even the case with milk, which contains a powerful acid termed lactic acid. Various cases of sickness and colic, and even deaths of young children have occurred, the cause of which has been clearly traced to the use of milk that has been in contact with this metal."

☞ "Sam, did you see the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I meet him down by the cotton-gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good looking man; he made a bow, dat's all he said."

☞ "Sambo, where is your master?" "Gone out." "Has he left off drinking, yet?" "Oh, yes, sure! he leave off two, tree times dis mornin'."

The German Beverage.—Listen to the conversation of Bavarians—it turns on beer. See to what the thoughts of the exile recur—to the beer of his country. Sit down in a coffee-house or eating-house, and the waiter brings you beer unordered, and when you have emptied your glass, replenishes it without a summons. Tell a doctor the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and he will ask you if you drink enough beer. Arrive at a place before the steamer or train is due, and you are told you have so long to drink beer. Go to balls, and you will find that beer replaces champagne with the rich and dancing with the poor. We once went to a servant's ball, and stayed there some time, but when we came away dancing had not began, and all the society was sitting as still as ever, drinking beer.

☞ An Irishman caught a hornet in his hand, but dropped it and exclaimed, "Be jabers! what kind of teeth do your birds have in Amerika?"

Useful Receipts.

Transparent Soap.—Cut into thin shavings half a cake of Windsor soap, put it into a phial, half fill the bottle with spirits of wine, and place it near the fire until the soap is melted. This mixture, put in a mould to cool, gives transparent soap.

Agreeable Mode of Taking Medicine.—Dr. Linthner says that senna leaves (one to two drachms to one or two cups of water) should be allowed to infuse all night in cold water. With the strained infusion coffee is prepared next morning, as if with water; and an aperient which does not taste of senna, and does not cause griping, is thus produced.

Children who do not like castor oil can have it prepared in the recent Paris fashion—the quantity of the oil prescribed is placed in a pipkin over a fire, and an egg broken into it and stirred up. When cooked, a little salt or sugar or currant jelly should be added. The patient cannot possibly detect the medicine, and will most likely cry for some more of the mixture.

Hysterics.—Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like brisk exercise and useful occupation to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing brush.

Antidote Against Poison.—Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple recipe—a large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

Spinach at Home and Elsewhere.—Dr. Hurbert says:—"When I get spinach at a restaurant or hotel I have a most delicious vegetable, but at home, Bridget gives us only a dish of greens; what makes the difference?" The difference here as in many other things lies in the cooking. Spinach is sometimes utterly spoiled by cooking with meat or with other vegetables. At other times it is simply boiled and skimmed out of the water and sent to the table without other preparation. To have spinach nice; wash and pick it over and then throw into *boiling* water and let cook until done, drain on a colander and chop fine. Then put in a saucepan a lump of butter as large as an egg for each quart of chopped spinach, and when melted, put in the spinach, let it simmer until thoroughly heated through, and serve with slices of hard boiled egg laid over it. Some vary the dish by adding a little flour and milk at the last cooking; some chop the spinach before boiling and proceed as above.

Cheap Beer.—Fill a boiler with the green shells of peas, pour on water till it rises half an inch above the shells, and simmer for three hours. Strain off the liquor, add a strong decoction of hops, so as to render it pleasantly bitter. By boiling a fresh quantity of shells in the decoction before it becomes cold, it may be so thoroughly impregnated with saccharine matter as to afford a liquor, when fermented, as strong as ale. It is so much like ale that some brewers cannot detect the difference.—R. H.

To Stop Teeth.—One part of mastic dissolved in two parts of collodion is said to prove a good cement for stopping teeth. It is introduced on a small piece of cotton.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 61 letters.

My 6, 4, 28, 55, 7, 23, 3, 41, 56, was a poet and musician of Lesbos.

My 15, 22, 21, 38, 40, 61, 30, 2, was a Greek poet that was choked to death by a grape-stone.

My 27, 40, 45, 60, was one of the names of Cupid.

My 50, 44, 53, 12, 39, 54, 20, 13, was a great philosopher and historian of Greece.

My 26, 44, 21, 1, 45, 43, 60, was a comic writer of Italy.

My 33, 5, 9, 57, 10, was a King of Thebes.

My 8, 39, 58, 14, 59, was an Emperor of China in 1661.

My 29, 37, 33, 31, 19, 43, 60, was a title of Pluto.

My 47, 17, 3, was an English dramatic poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

My 11, 44, 57, 32, 50, 59, 18, 3, 52, 31, 34, 60, was a peripatetic philosopher of Egypt.

My 16, 51, 5, 13, 14, 59, 35, 26, was a celebrated critic, and one of the commentators on Shakespeare.

My 15, 36, 48, 44, was a King of Denmark.

My 42, 24, 56, 35, was the commander of the armies of Russia under Peter I.

My 49, 56, 21, is a period in history.

My whole was a favorite maxim with George Washington.

CHAS. B. STATES and
Stonington, Ct. WM. WILLIAMS.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 10, 2, 12, 4, was a dramatist and historian.

My 18, 3, 5, is a river.

My 9, 1, 7, is an article used by printers.

My 6, 11, 8, is expressed without pen or ink.

My whole exercises a potent influence over mankind. ICHABOD.

Wrightsville, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire I am a female title.

Transpose me, and I am the same.

Curtail two letters, and I am angry.

Transpose, and I am a female parent.

Now annex the beginning of everything, and I am synonymous with myself.

Behead and curtail, and *I am!*

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY KATIE.

My 1st is in black, but not in white.
My 2d is in read, but not in write.
My 3d is in young, but not in old.
My 4th is in warm, but not in cold.
My 5th is in horse, but not in colt.
My 6th is in door, but not in bolt.
My 7th is in winter, but not in summer.
My 8th is in captain, but not in drummer.
My 9th is in joy, but not in sorrow.
My 10th is in lend, but not in borrow.
My 11th is in snow, but not in rain.
My 12th is in street, but not in lane.
My whole is a celebrated traveller.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A solid ball of gold one inch in diameter and covered with wood of equal thickness all around the ball. Now supposing the specific gravity of wood to be five-tenths and the ball is let drop into a vessel of water at an elevation of 40 feet, it is required to know how thick the covering of wood must be so that the ball will just sink down far enough in the water to cover it, and how much of the ball will be above the water after it becomes at rest?

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa. GILL. BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The library room of the Richmond Palace is 15 feet 11 inches wide, 21 feet 7 inches long, and 11 feet 5 inches high. Requested—the distance between the opposite diagonal triedral angles of the apartment? JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Cincinnati.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are hoops like obstinate men? Ans.—Because they often stand out about trifles.

☞ Why should a convent be the most holy place in the world? Ans.—Because it contains novice, and they will have none (nun!)

☞ At what season did Eve eat the apple? Ans.—Early in the *fall.*

☞ In what tone should a ghost speak? Ans.—Tombs-tone.—*Punch.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The President's Message and the Proclamation. CHARADE—Charity. (Char-i-ta.) TRIPLE REBUS—Samuel Horace Glenny (Suchong, A soul, Morse, Unitarian, Eye-corn, Ley.)

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published March 5th. The length of the sides are 78, 102, 126, and 90 perches. Reuben Barto, W. Severly, Morgan Stevens and D. D. W. Severly sends the following rule for solution:—To the square of the area add 4 times the 4th power of the given difference, extract the square root of the sum, and to this root add twice the square of the given difference and extract the square root, will give the second side, or from the first root subtract twice the square of the given difference and extract square root for 4th side.